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AUTUMN.

'Tis the golden gleam of an autumn day,
With the soft rain raining as if in play;
And a tender touch upon everything,
As if autumn remembered the days of spring.

In the listening woods there is not a breath
To shake their gold to the sward beneath;
And a glow as of sunshine upon them lies,
Though the sun is hid in the shadowed skies.

The cock's clear crow from the farmyard
comes,
The muffled bell from the belfry booms,
And faint and dim, and from far away,
Come the voices of children in happy play.

O'er the mountains the white rain draws its
veil,
And the black rooks, cawing, across them sail,
While nearer the swooping swallows skim
O'er the steel-grey river's fretted brim.

No sorrow upon the landscape weighs,
No grief for the vanished summer days,
But a sense of peaceful and calm repose
Like that which age in its autumn knows.

The spring-time longings are past and gone,
The passions of summer no longer are known,
The harvest is gathered, and autumn stands
Serenely thoughtful with folded hands.

Over all is thrown a memorial hue,
A glory ideal the real ne'er knew;
For memory sifts from the past its pain,
And suffers its beauty alone to remain.

With half a smile and with half a sigh
It ponders the past that has hurried by;
Sees it, and feels it, and loves it all,
Content it has vanished beyond recall.

O glorious autumn, thus serene,
Thus living and loving all that has been!
Thus calm and contented let me be
When the autumn of age shall come to me.
Blackwood's Magazine. W. W. S.

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

BY HORATIUS BONAR.

THE day of the Lord, it cometh!
It comes like a thief in the night.
It comes when the world is dreaming
Of safety, and peace, and light.
It cometh, the day of sackcloth,
With darkness, and storm, and fire,
The day of the great avenging,
The day of the burning ire.

Not slowly, slowly, like twilight,
Nor like the cold creeping tide;
Nor barque from the distant offing,
Moving on o'er the waters wide.

But instant — like sudden lightning,
In the depths of a tranquil sky;
From the west to the east in a moment,
The havoc descends from on high!

The day of the Lord, it cometh,
When the virgins are all asleep;
And the drunken world is lying
In a slumber yet more deep.
Like the sudden lurch of the vessel,
By night on the sunken rock,
All earth in a moment reeleth,
And goeth down with the shock.

The voice of the awful trumpet
Arresteth the march of time;
With terror, and woe, and judgment,
It soundeth through every clime.
It speaketh aloud to the living,
It speaks to the slumbering dead;
Earth heareth the final summons,
And boweth the trembling head.

The flash of the sword of havoc
Foretelleth the day of blood,
Revealing the judge's progress,
The downward march of God.
The fire which no mortal kindles,
Quick seizes the quaking earth;
And labors the groaning creation
In the pangs of its second birth.

Then the day of the evil endeth,
And the righteous reign comes in:
Like a cloud of sorrow, vanish
The ages of human sin.
The light of the morning gleameth,
A dawn without cloud or gloom;
In chains lies the ruler of darkness,
And the Prince of light has come!
Christian at Work.

PLAYTIME.

I LOVE to see the children
In their merry play,
Playing, playing, playing,
All the livelong day.
Grief will come hereafter,
There's time enough for tears,
To me the children's laughter
Brings back the younger years.

The children have no sorrow,
Then let them laugh and play.
And though we weep to-morrow,
Like them we'll laugh to-day.
Laugh in the sunny daytime,
Laugh, though it be in tears,
As in the children's playtime
We see the younger years.

The Month.

G. C.

From The British Quarterly Review.
THE MONOTHEISM OF PAGANISM.*

EVERYTHING which tends to strengthen the tie that links the individual to his fellow-man is, of necessity, a contribution to the common good. Thus it is that all those discoveries of science, and all those revelations of philosophy, which teach us the existence of the ties of kinship and common nature, are justly ranked amongst the most important gains to humanity. Philology and ethnology have contributed much to this end: the latter has taught men that they are members of one great family; the former has pointed out the relationship existing between the various members of that dominant branch of it—the Aryan race—to which the world owes nearly everything that is useful or great. It has pointed out proofs of this wide relationship in the languages of Hellenes, Teutons, Indians, and Persians, tracing throughout their various tongues the vestiges of a remote archetype. No one, however, has attempted to trace a similar common origin for the various forms of Theosophic idea which are found amongst these various peoples; and yet there are indications, both historical and intrinsic, of an Aryan Theosophic Archetype no less tangible and distinct than the Philological one to which we have referred.

To imagine that man in his infancy solved the great problem of existence, by the intuitive conception of a divine Author of all things, is to assume too much, and to assign to him an acumen in theosophic investigation to which the history of human progress in other directions offers no analogy. Amazed at the phenomena around him, man with instinctive curiosity seeks to penetrate their cause, and examines them with a view to discovering the agency to which they are due. He looks around him, reviews in turn the animal and vegetable world, but in neither of them can he discover that of which he is in search, the great cause of all. Men and beasts live their allotted time and pass away; trees spring up and

wither; but the whole goes on as before, regardless of, and unaffected by the change. He gazes next on earth and sea, and his ideal is not there. But there is yet a something which pervades and influences all, which gladdens and revivifies all, without which the whole earth seems dead: this is light or heat, for he has not yet learnt to separate the two. Here, then, is the agent of which he has been in search; and above him, in all its glory, far higher than even his mental flight can reach, is the orb from whence this universal power proceeds. And in the East, the region of the sun, is it to be wondered at that man in early ages bowed down before the Lord of day and owned him for his God? "Ex Oriente lux" is true in more senses than one, for from the rising of the sun came man's first dim idea of a God; and from the East came the first rays of intellectual light into the world.

The adoration of light is the natural outcome of that tendency to the observation of physical phenomena which has ever characterized the Aryan race; the Irání shepherd, as he watched his flocks by night beneath the calm great stars of an Eastern sky, and saw in their myriad lights so many reflections of the Deity, was but unconsciously pursuing the same course of investigation which led to the discoveries of Galileo and Newton.

But we must start with what man has done; not with what he might or probably would do. In trying to realize man's primary conception of a God, we are, after all, only analyzing our own minds, which are made up entirely of preconceived notions. Our conclusions can, therefore, have no weight, for the primeval mind had no such traditional prejudices, and could not have reasoned in the same way.

We are led to the conclusion that old Aryan ideas lurk in our religious systems, as certainly as old Sanscrit words lurk in our languages, not by mere theoretical hypothesis, but by the examination of historical facts; by no other process, indeed, could a result of any value be obtained, for, as Bacon has postulated—

Sola spes est in verâ inductione.

* *El Bâkûrat es Suleimâniyeh*, an Exposition of the Nusseiriyeh Doctrines and Practices (in Arabic). By Suleiman Effendi El Adaniy. Beyrout.

The name Aryan lingers still in the native name of Persia (Irán), and the clearest vestiges which still remain of the ancient Aryan faith are to be found in the religious systems of that country. We shall endeavour to trace this ancient faith through its successive developments in Persia, to show its influence upon other forms of religion, and to exhibit its actual condition in the present day.

The earliest notices of the ancient faith of Persia are contained in the traditions of a dynasty which reigned long before the first king mentioned in Persian history (Kaiyúmers), and which was probably coeval with the earliest personages of post-diluvian Bible chronology. This dynasty was called the Mahabádí, a word obviously Indian in its derivation. The records of these early princes are contained in a work entitled the "Desatir," concerning the nature and authenticity of which it will be necessary for us to say a few words. It is written in a language called the *Asmání*, or "Celestial," which M. Troyer, the learned translator of the *Dabistán i Mazáhib*, regards as "a new intermediate ring in the hermetic chain which connects the Germanic idioms with the old Asiatic languages; it is," he continues, "perhaps the most ancient dialect of the Deri, spoken, if not in Fars, yet in the north-eastern countries of the Persian Empire; to wit, in Sogd and Bamian. When it ceased to be spoken, like several other languages of bygone ages, the Mahabádian was preserved in a single book or fragment of a book, similar in its solitude to the Hebrew Bible, or the Persian *Zendavesta*." The *Desatir* lays claim to the remotest antiquity, and is accompanied by a Persian translation and commentary, purporting to be the production of the fifth Sásán, who lived in the time of Khosrau Parvís, a contemporary of the Emperor Heraclius, and who died in the year 643 of the Christian era. Of the Mahabádí dynasty, Sir William Jones says:—

It has been proved by the clearest evidence, that a powerful monarchy was established in Irán long before the Assyrian or Pishdadi governments; that it subsisted many centuries, and that its history has been engrafed on that

of the Hindus, who founded the monarchies of Ayodhya and Indraprestha; that the language of the first Persian empire was the mother of the Sanscrit, and consequently of the Zend and Parsi, as well as of the Greek, Latin, and Gothic, as the language of the Assyrians was the parent of the Chaldaic and Pehlavi.

The king, amongst these early Aryans, united in his own person the functions of sovereign-ruler and high priest, as did Melchisedek, King of Salem, and as we find to have been the case amongst the early Greeks and Romans, and indeed all other Aryan peoples. The sovereign was at once the exponent of the secular law, and the prophet, the *προφήτης*, or exponent of the laws of heaven.

The first book of the *Desatir* is that of Mahabad, the Great Abad, the last of the dynasty so called; indeed, the name in all probability indicates the race collectively, and the doctrines contained in the book may be considered as the tabulated religious ideas which had been arrived at under their rule.

From these doctrines we gather that the worship of light was still the basis of their creed, but that it had been elaborated and spiritualized. An important progressive step had been taken, and light had been recognized as the outward manifestation or symbol of a still more mysterious power, God. Not only does light permeate the universe, and (still considering it inseparable from, and one with heat) form the life-giving element of the universe, but the material universe cannot be seen without it. Light, then, is the medium of creation, the symbol of the Creator's creative power. Thus, too, in the Mosaic cosmogony, light is the result of the first day's creation.

To this medium or symbol Mahabad gives the name of the Primal Intelligence, or *Khírid*; and having thus personified light generally, he proceeds to consider the lesser individual lights, or light-giving bodies, such as the sun, moon, and stars, as lesser intelligences. He is careful, however, to explain that these have no separate existence or independent functions, but are part and parcel of the original light. Here, then, we have the key-note of Aryan theosophy, the con-

ception of the unity of God. For the sake of greater clearness, we will recapitulate the steps by which this conception is arrived at:—Light is the all-pervading agent. It reveals, manifests, and creates all existing things, and, conversely, nothing can exist without light. Therefore light is existence. But, if existence can be thus referred to light, light itself must by analogy be referred to something else, and that is the great unknown, Mazdam, or God.

The ancient Persian creed, then, may be stated as follows:—

Belief in a God, one and indivisible, manifesting himself throughout all creation by an intelligent medium, which is at once the cause and exponent of the material world.

But this doctrine was too abstruse and spiritual for the common people, and corruptions might be expected naturally to follow.

Such corruptions were due to two separate sources; the misinterpretation of symbolism, and the natural preference of man for the concrete and material over the abstract and metaphysical. In the first case, the heavenly bodies, as partaking of that which is the symbol of God, assume a new character, and have a fresh claim to veneration, a feeling which naturally degenerates sooner or later into adoration. In this we see the rise of the Sabeian cult, the idolatrous worship of the hosts of heaven, in which form the Aryan creed made its way through Chaldea, Arabia, and Judæa.

In the second case, the abstract idea of an all-pervading Deity could not be grasped by the vulgar mind, and anthropomorphism is the natural result. Thus, in the book of the Desatir attributed to Jamshîd, we find the world described as an individual:—

Its body, which is composed of all bodies, is called the Universe; its soul, which consists of all souls, is called the City of Souls (Revân-gird); its intelligence, which is composed of all intelligences, is called the City of Intelligence (Hoshgird). This is the Great Man. When you have contemplated this world so wonderful, it is but one of his worshippers. If you open the eye of your mind, you will per-

ceive that the heaven is the skin of this great individual, Kaivân (Saturn), the spleen; Barjish (Jupiter), the liver; Behram (Mars), the gall; the Sun, the heart; Nahid (Venus), the stomach; Tir (Mercury), the brain; and so on. The air is his breath; the earth the place on which he steps; the thunder his voice; the lightning his laugh; the rain his tears.

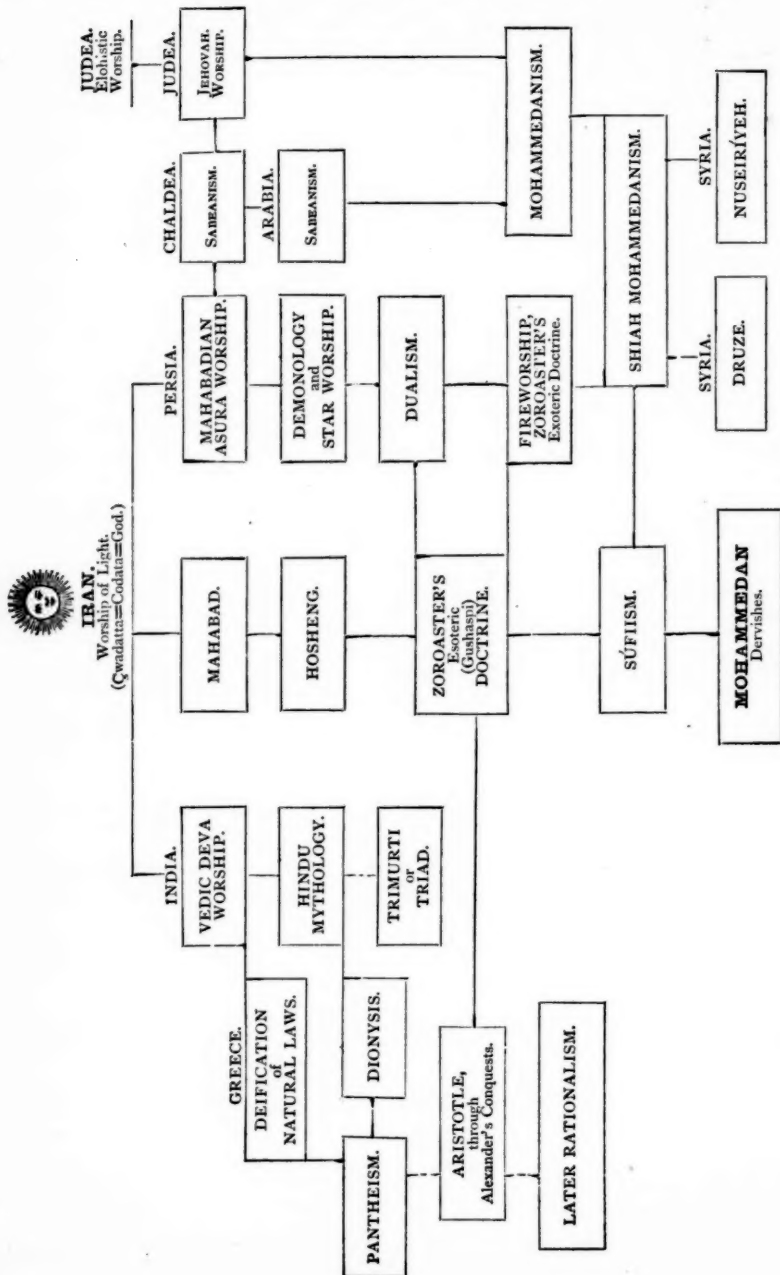
Here, the abstract notion of an all-pervading intelligence, in fact, of a God, which was the more spiritualized outcome of the worship of light, is already assuming a gross and material phase. Such an anthropomorphic conception is sufficient to suggest at once the origin of a whole pantheon of mythological deities. But the idea that God is manifest in everything, even when considered in a more philosophical spirit, still departs widely from the simplicity of the original, and (although the terms are not convertible) the proposition that "God is everything," becomes easily-confused with the proposition that "everything is God," and Pantheism is the result.

From these corruptions of the primæval faith all the countless creeds and mythologies of Aryan nations spring. To arrest this degenerate tendency, and to recall men to the original conception of the unity of God, to explain aright the symbolism of religious cult—this was the bright thought that illumined the minds of the successive prophets and reformers of after ages. This was the true revelation that, as St. John expresses it, "In him was life, and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." And this revelation, we shall endeavour to show, is the glorious heritage of the Aryan race, and was first shadowed forth, dimly it is true, but unmistakably, in Persia, the first of Aryan lands.

But to demonstrate this proposition, we must briefly pass in review the various phases of the Aryan religion, as it existed in Persia itself, and the branches or offshoots which it sent forth, and engrafted upon the creeds of other countries.

For some centuries the Mahabâdian faith appears to have degenerated from its original simplicity, and the immediately succeeding books of the Desatir (to

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which we must still appeal as the oldest authority) indicate the direction which the corruption was taking, in their strong protests against the dualistic, anthropomorphic, and idolatrous tendencies of the time. Presently, these ancient scriptures display a leaning towards asceticism and contemplative mysticism, which is the invariable forerunner of some great religious reform. This protest finds full utterance in the book of the Hosheng, the king and prophet, who may be fairly styled the Luther of the Aryan faith. Hosheng is described by Mirkhond, in his celebrated Persian History, the *Rauzat es Safá*, as follows:—

The most celebrated historians consider this prince to have been the grandson of Kaiyumers, while others maintain that he is identical with Mahalel, and that Cainan is the same as his father Kaiyumers. From his unparalleled justice he was styled Pesh-dád (Foremost in Justice), and founded the dynasty of that name. . . . The Persians claim for him the rank of a prophet. . . . He is said to have been the first who introduced the arts of civilized life, and taught the uses of metals, and the properties of precious stones. Some people ascribe to him the formation of the Tigris canal, and the erection of the cities of Susa, Kufa, and Babylon.

Tabari, in his "Chronicles," adds that the Magians claimed Hosheng as a fire-worshipper, and that the Jews declared that he was a follower of their religion; while Firdausi, in the "Shah-námeh," assigns to him the invention of the flint and steel, and the introduction of fire, as a symbol of the deity. All ancient authors agree that he was the founder of a new and mystical faith. The importance of the part played by Hosheng in the theosophic history of the Aryan race can hardly be over-estimated, for there can be no doubt but that he founded the school of mysticism which, by its spiritual interpretation of the then degenerate symbolism of religion, preserved the purity of the primæval Mahabádian creed.

The author of the "Dabistán," an invaluable work in the Persian language upon ancient forms of religion, informs us that when Alexander arrived in Persia, he found existing there a sect called Gushaspis, who claimed Hosheng as their founder, and who, though openly professing the religion of Zoroaster, preserved the tenets taught by Hosheng as the esoteric doctrine of Pyrolatry.

The next religious reformer of Persia was Zoroaster. We are accustomed to look upon him as the introducer of the

worship of fire, and the originator of the Dualistic theory of the Divinity; we should, however, much rather incline to the belief that Zoroaster's movement was a reaction against the very errors in question. The Zendavesta in no way inculcates the worship of fire, but rather insists throughout on the adoration of the God of whom fire was but the symbol. The steps by which that symbol was reached, by those who had once come to consider God as manifest in light or heat, are too obvious to need mention here. The dualistic element appears to have been simply an attempt to solve the problem of the existence of evil in the world, a difficulty which Pantheism and Monotheism alike leave untouched.

The two rival deities, Ahuramazda (Ormazd) and Angromainyus (Ahriman), were not invented by Zoroaster, but had long before resulted from popular ratiocination upon the national doctrines. Zoroaster, finding this, endeavoured to disabuse the popular mind of a pernicious error, and taught that the two spirits of good and evil were united from the beginning in God as well as man; that, like day and night, they were inseparable, though mentally opposed, and that they were indispensable for the preservation of creation.*

That the mission of Zoroaster was a protest against a corruption in the national religion is abundantly evident from the "Shah-námeh." Although that book is often extravagant in its relation of legendary marvels and is not to be relied upon for accurate historical details, yet it is undoubtedly founded upon Pehlavi records of great antiquity, and, as such, is particularly valuable in tracing the progress of national feeling and religious opinion,—topics which national fables serve to elucidate rather than to disguise.

The account given in the "Shah-námeh" of the events attending the appearance of Zoroaster, and the promulgation of his religion in Irán, is not from the pen of Firdausi, the author of the rest of the work, but is inserted by him as a specimen of the composition of Dakfki, to whom the task of versifying the old Pehlavi documents had been originally entrusted by Sultán Mahmúd. We learn from this account that Zoroaster lived in the time of Kai-Gushtasp, father

* Dr. Martin Haug's "Essays on the Sacred Language, Writings, and Religion of the Parsees," p. 259.

of Darius, and that he induced that monarch to undertake extensive wars and conquests for the propagation of the new religion. Zoroaster is here made to say that he had been to heaven and to hell; that he saw Ormazd in the former, and Ahriman in the latter realm; and that he received the Zendavesta and the censer of a fire-worshipper from the Creator of the universe himself. We are further informed that Isfendiyar, the son and commander-in-chief of the forces of Gushtasp, carried the Zoroastrian faith into Rûm (Asia Minor), Hindustan and Arabia. This last statement is very important, as we shall presently see, when we come to investigate the influence exercised by the Aryan religion upon the religion of those countries.

The intimate connection between the Zoroastrian and Vedic systems must strike the most superficial student of the Indian and Persian Scriptures. With the Brahmins, the gods are called *devas*, and the evil deities, their antagonists, are called *asuras*. With the Zoroastrians, however, it is exactly the reverse; the *devas* (the Dîvs of the modern Persian) are the evil spirits or devils; while *Asura*, under the form *Ahura*, is the name of the deity, and forms part of the word Ahuramazda (Hormuzd), the Parsee name of God. In the earlier Brahminical writings, such as the Rigveda Sanhitâ, the word Ahura has always a good sense, and is the title of the principal gods of the Hindu Pantheon.* Moreover, many of the angels and devils of the Zendavesta are identical in name with the Brahminical deities. So also, the legends of the prowess of the heroes and demigods are parallel in the Veda and Zendavesta. Such ceremonies, too, as the investiture with the sacred thread (which is considered as important with the Parsees and Brahmins as baptism is with us) are common both to the Indian and Persian religions, and point conclusively to a common origin of both.

From the fact that, although a close connection exists between the Vedas and Zendavesta, yet a strong antagonism is to be observed throughout between the two religions—the gods of one becoming the devils of the other—we may conclude that at a very early period a schism took place amongst the professors of the Aryan faith, and that one party emigrated to Hindustan proper, and

there developed the idea of the Trinity (Trimûrti) which is the characteristic of the post-Vedic Hindu religious system, but which is entirely foreign to the Zendavesta. This doctrine is a natural development of the original Aryan conception; for, if we take the astronomical idea of light, this resolves itself easily into the three constituents, sky, sun, and moon; and, if we take the physical idea of life, it resolves itself with equal facility into the triad of creation, destruction, and regeneration, or into the grosser symbolism of Phallic worship.

Having traced the Aryan worship of light through its successive developments in Persia, and shown that the religion of India is an offshoot of the same stock, we must inquire into the influence which it exercised upon the religions of adjoining nations.

Under the name of Sabeanism (the worship of the heavenly hosts), the old religion made its way through Chaldea into Syria, Arabia and Judea. The original Monotheistic conception suffered materially by transplantation, and was frequently obscured by the polytheistic instincts of the peoples by whom it was adopted.

The idols of the Kaabeh, and the superstitions and inhuman rites of the Arabs before Mohammed's time, may seem to have little in common with the philosophical creed of Mahabad; but a very little investigation into their nature will reveal the same idea lurking beneath the grosser outward forms, and will prove unmistakably the influence of the conquering Aryan upon the rude Semitic races.

Little as it was understood by the common people the Monotheistic principle was still recognized as the real spirit of Sabeanism. This the accounts given of this religion even by Mohammedan writers abundantly prove. The Arabian historians declare it to have been the oldest religion in the world, handed down directly from Enoch, or, as some say, from Sabai, another son of Seth, the son of Adam. Enoch is confounded by them with Hermes Trismegistus, and Seth is frequently styled Adîmon (Agathodæmon); but, in spite of this confusion with the Greek system, the accounts which they have given us throw much light upon the real nature and origin of the Sabean doctrines. Ibn el Wardi, in his well known "Universal History," says:—

I have seen two Sabean works, both of which are attributed to Enoch. The first is a book of prayers, in which occurs the following

* See "Essays on the Sacred Language and Literature of the Parsees."

beautiful address to the Deity:—"Thou art the Eternal One, in whom all order is centred; Lord of all created things visible and invisible; Prince of mankind; Protector of the Universe; Lord of angels and of archangels. *From thee doth intellect descend upon the rulers of the earth; for Thou art the first cause, whose power embraceth all things; Thou art the Infinite and Incomprehensible One, standing alone; the Ruler of the Kings of Heaven and of the Eternal Fountains of Light.* Thou art the King of Kings, the ordainer of all good, who givest inspiration and guidance to all. *From Thee creation starts; by Thy indication the Universe is ordered; from Thee cometh light.* Thou art the Ancient Cause before all things existing. We pray Thee to cleanse our souls, to make them worthy of Thy grace now and for ever more. Oh! Manifest One, exalted above all defects, descend into our intellects and purge us from every evil. Turn our sorrow into joy; for to Thee do we cling, and Thee do we fear. We ask Thee to fit us to praise Thy inexpressible majesty. *All things are from Thee, and from Thee do all things gain their light.* Thou art the hope of the worlds, the aider of mankind one and all." The second book was entitled the "Book of the Law," and contained many excellent precepts, amongst which I remember the following:—"Let none among you treat his brother as he himself would dislike to be treated. Place your whole trust in God, who knoweth every secret; He will suffice you for a just ruler; He will pronounce a fair decision. Whoso represseth his anger and controlleth his tongue hath conquered every evil.

El Beirúní, the celebrated Arab historian, in his "Vestiges of the Past," says, —

The earliest propagator of a revealed religion was Yuzasp, who lived in India at the beginning of the reign of Tahmurasp, king of Persia. He left a book calling upon mankind to embrace the Sabean faith, and drew after him many followers. The early Persian kings, especially the Peshdádí and Kaiyánian dynasties, who reigned in the province of Balkh, used to worship the sun, moon, and stars, and all the elements, until the time of Zoroaster, who appeared in the 30th year of the reign of Pesh-tasp.

Here is direct testimony to the historic truth of the hypothesis which we have advanced, namely, that Sabeanism is the lineal descendant of the ancient Persian faith; that this faith had degenerated into an idolatrous worship of the heavenly bodies and the elements; and that Zoroaster appeared as a regenerator of religion, and as the restorer of its primæval purity.

A very early protest against the corrupt Sabean cult is found in the book of Job. In chapter xxxi. 26-28, the patriarch

says:—"If I have beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness, and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand, this also were an iniquity to be punished by the judge: for I should have denied the God which is above."

How far the Aryan doctrine influenced the development of Judaism is a subject worthy of the profoundest consideration of the theologian. That the Jews were the recipients of a special revelation it would be idle as well as profane to deny; but we may assuredly examine the method by which the revelation has been worked out to completion. This task is an easier one than may at first sight appear; for every religion worthy of the name contains its history in its articles of faith.

The covenant of God was made with Abraham, who is regarded by the Jews as the founder of their religion, the "Father of the Faithful." Jehovah is emphatically called the God of Abraham, and with this monotheistic idea the patriarch is invariably associated. But Abraham, as his other name, the "Hebrew," or "passer over," implies, did not receive and mature his doctrines on Jewish soil; he brought them from Ur of the Chaldees, the seat of the Aryan faith.

The Eastern traditions of Abraham are very explicit on this point. El Beirúní, the author quoted above, says:—

The Sabean religion still survives in the doctrines of the Harráníyeh, so called from the city of Harra, near Damascus, which they inhabit, though some affirm that they derive their name from Harra, the son of Tarukh the brother of Abraham, who, they declare, was a rigid and devout Sabean. These people give a strange account of the reason which induced Abraham to forsake his religion and become the father of a new race; they relate that the patriarch was afflicted with leprosy, and resorted to circumcision merely for the removal of the disease. Entering the temple after this, he heard a voice proceeding from one of the idols, which said, "Thou wentest forth from amongst us, Oh Abraham, with one defect, and hast returned with two," which so enraged him that he departed, determined never again to cross the threshold of the temple. To prevent a repetition of the taunt, he enjoined the rite upon his new followers as a religious duty. But, subsequently repenting of his deed, he vowed that he would sacrifice his son as a propitiatory offering to the planet Jupiter, who, however, allowed him to substitute a ram in place of his child.

The religion which Abraham brought with him from Chaldea, and taught to his Semitic followers, was the exclusively

Aryan doctrine of Monotheism, and he was enabled to establish it by the very intrinsic truth of the principles which he was called on to preach. The name of God, as uttered and taught by God's own voice, was the very name which had for so long been the object of Aryan adoration. "I am" contains the actual enunciation of that independent existence which the Aryans loved to attribute to the Supreme Being, and which is the key-note of their theosophy. The polytheistic instincts of the Jews induced them constantly to combat against that truth, as the frequent recurrence of their besetting sin, idolatry, abundantly testifies.

Abraham himself recognized the existence of a worship beside his own of the true God, when he paid tribute and honour to Melchisedek, not only as king of Salem, but as priest of the Most High God. From this incident we glean that, in early times before the Jewish covenant, the knowledge of the Most High had not been entirely withheld from mankind. The author of the epistle to the Hebrews recognized this important fact, and alludes to the meeting of Abraham and Melchisedek in proof that the removal of Gentile disabilities by our Lord's dispensation was but a reversion to the primitive order of things. Regarded in this light, how true are the words, "He is a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedek." Heb. vii. 5.

The exceptional position of the Jewish race is easily explained upon the theory that Abraham was the importer into Judaism of the Aryan religious idea: he was the religious father, not the flesh father, of the race. The Jews were exclusive enough to preserve intact their Semitic language, but they were advanced enough to adopt the foreign cult. They could not withstand the overwhelming influence of so evident and real a doctrine as the worship of light, with its corollary, the existence of an universal intelligent and life-giving principle; but they did resist the total conquest, and mark the limit of the march of Aryan intellect, the zone at which the earthquake ceased.

Thus the Aryan race was really the recipient of a revelation; for so pure a conception of the Deity as theirs can be but little else, and their present dominant position in the earth is the fruit of this. Even the Semitic prophets, with true prophetic instinct, saw the same result looming in the dim future, and declared: "God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall

dwelt in the tents of Shem." And again, St. Paul has said, "God hath not left himself without a witness among the Gentiles." It is a mistake to suppose that Judaism is an exclusively Semitic religion. Not only did Abraham introduce the Aryan monotheistic conception of Jehovah, but in after ages fresh accessions were constantly received from the original Chaldee source. During the time of the captivity, the Jews borrowed innumerable ideas from the Persians: and adopted, amongst other things, their system of angels and devils, beings which are not so much as hinted at in the Mosaic writings, but which are found in the Zendavesta.

Not only Mohammedan, but even Christian Arabic writers concur in insisting upon Abraham's intimate connection with Sabean doctrines.

Abd el Messia el Kendi, in his letter to "Abdallah ibn Ismael el Hâshimî, refuting the arguments adduced by the latter with the object of converting him from Christianity to Islamism, says:—

We know little or nothing of the Sabæans, except that they professed belief in the unity, perfection, and infinity of God, applying to Him certain attributes hypothetically, and not claiming to be able to define Him from actual knowledge; that they attributed the order of the universe to the sky, which they describe anthropomorphically, and that they worshipped the hosts of heaven.

The following passage is also extracted from El Kendi's work:—

You know—for I will suppose you to have perused the Scriptures—that it is said in the first book of the Pentateuch, which we call Genesis, that Abraham dwelt with his father at Harran (Ur of the Chaldees), and that God appeared to him when he had reached the age of seventy-five years; and that he believed in Him, and it was accounted to him for righteousness. From this we learn that Abraham dwelt at Harran, and worshipped the moon, which, under the name of El Ozza, was regarded as the presiding deity of the place. A remnant of this sect exists in the present day (the ninth century of our era) at Harran, and its followers make no secret of any part of their doctrine except the sacrifice of human beings, which they still practise by stealth.

Mohammed confirmed the popular account of Abraham's Sabean tendencies, and even called himself at the outset of his career "a Haniffi of the creed of Abraham," that being the name by which the sect was known among the Arabs. Recognizing, however, his mistake, as the assumption of this would place him at a dis-

advantage with respect to his Sabean fellow-countrymen, he exchanged it later on for that of Muslim, "one resigned to the will of God."

The ceremonial observances of the Sabeans, such as washing, fasting, and the times and postures of prayer, seem to have been adopted by Mohammed with little or no alteration.

In all ancient religions, and especially, in the Sabean, astrology played a most prominent part, and this was an almost necessary consequence of the primary conception. As light was the symbol of the Deity, the luminous bodies of the heavens were naturally regarded as emanations from Him, and each, having its own distinct character, would inevitably be supposed to represent some individual attribute of Him, and would be invested with some function or influence to be exercised on man. When such quality or function appeared in man himself, a *rapport* between the man and the star was naturally suspected, and the details of astrological science followed as a matter of course. The great prophet of Eastern Illuminati (*i.e.*, of those inspired by light), Moulavi Rumi, has some verses upon this very subject which we cannot refrain from quoting:—

A man, whate'er the star may be
That reigns ascendant at his birth,
Moves ever in its company.
He followeth nought but joy and mirth
When gentler Venus rules his life;
He seeketh nought but war and strife,
If born when Mars controls the earth.
But there are planets brighter far
Than those which meet the mortal eye,
Surpassing each material star,
Revolving in a purer sky:
Bright stars that wax not pale nor dim,
That shine with God's own glorious light,
That dwell for evermore with Him,
The fixed stars of the Infinite.

"Masnavi," book i., story iv.

Arab authors refer the building of the mosque at Damascus, and of the temple of the sun at Baalbekk, to the Sabeans, although we know that both edifices were the work of Greek pagans. This circumstance shows that the people of Syria themselves regarded Greek mythology as one and the same thing with their own religion. The city of Harrân was devoted to the worship of the moon, and many of the ruins existing there consist of circular foundations in imitation of its disc. In the same neighbourhood also is a village called Tera 'Ozza, or "Venus' Gate," and another named *Salamsin*, the

ancient name of which was Sanam *Sinn* (*i.e.*, *Selene*), "the idol of the moon."

The Kaabeh at Mecca is also generally believed by the native Arabic writers to have appertained to the Sabeans, the principal deity worshipped there, Allât, representing Saturn, and the celebrated "black stone" being sacred to Venus.

The ancient Arabs themselves identified their idol El 'Ozza with Venus, but Venus itself is but another and later name for the moon.

Abu 'I Mashar el Balkhi mentions many temples and idols of the sun as existing in Syria.

According to some Arab authorities, the pyramids of Egypt are also Sabean monuments, one of them being believed to be the tomb of Seth himself. This tradition again is interesting only as showing how the Sabean Arabs recognized their own religion in all the forms of pagan worship.

In short, paganism and the worship of light are identical. The principle of what may be termed *astronomical symbolism* lies at the root of all known pagan systems, and we believe that in the tenets and philosophies of the various Eastern sects may be found dogmas and traditions which will assist in the interpretation of the ancient mythologies, and, moreover, that their rites and observances will throw considerable light upon the nature of the Greek and Roman pagan rituals.

The vulgarly received definition of paganism or idolatry, that it is a senseless and arbitrary adoration of stocks and stones, is as false as it is unphilosophical. A system appealing to the sympathies, and at least believed to satisfy the spiritual wants, of men and nations so widely separated by time, distance, and intellectual capacities, must depend for its vitality upon something much more real and human than mere invention or caprice.

Idolatry, indeed, is the result of man's first aspirations after the infinite, the natural conclusion of reason unaided by revelation when endeavouring to solve the great problem of Nature; it is the formulated expression of the first principle of religious cult, in a word, symbolism.

Gradually the symbolism becomes more and more gross and degenerate, owing to the materialistic tendencies of the unlearned, and results in simple idolatry; but there are always some intellects of a higher order who remember and strive to

preserve the original purity of their creed. These, drafting off from the common herd, and drawn together by kindred aims and sentiments, form the nucleus of those secret societies which have existed under every form of paganism, and which had for their object the teaching and preservation of their esoteric doctrines, that is to say, the explanation of their symbolism.

Such associations would naturally shrink from communicating their tenets to the vulgar, from whom they could not hope for sympathy, and by whom they could not be understood; and, accordingly, we find the motto, "*Odi profanum vulgus*" universally insisted on by the Illuminati of every heathen sect. The gorgeous ceremonies, idols, and processions were for the common people, but the esoteric doctrines were taught only to a few, and kept a profound mystery from the masses.

Thus, while the outward form of religion lost its vitality, and was easily affected or overthrown by any great political or other changes, the real doctrines themselves, the offspring, so to speak, of the national mind, were as full of life as ever, and no change could touch the secret organization of those who held the key to the mystery, and who, having little sympathy with the mere form of symbolism, were as ready to screen themselves behind the new cult as they had been behind the old.

The East has never been without such societies, for the sufficient reason that, while Oriental peoples have been politically compelled to submit to constant changes, they are morally and psychologically more averse from changes than any others. Their ethnical religion was Sabeanism, or the worship of the heavenly hosts, whose origin we have just endeavoured conjecturally to trace; and the countless mystic and secret sects which the East has from time to time produced, from the ancient mysteries of Egypt to the Gnosticism and Sufism of more modern times, and even probably the Eleusinian mysteries in Greece, had no other object than to teach the true interpretation of Sabean symbolism.

The Greek development of the Aryan religious idea was very similar to the Persian, but it stopped short at an earlier point.

The Persians deified productive laws, but they proceeded from the consideration of individual cases to the contemplation of the principle, and their religion assumed the form of fire-worship—the worship of the element which is the visi-

ble principle, not only of production, but of destruction too.

The Greeks also deified productive and natural laws; but they never advanced so far as the deification of the principle. They recognized the all-pervading divine existence; they saw a God in the earth, in the air, and in the sea; and then they split upon the rock of materialism, and worshipped either Zeus, Poseidon, or Pluton—or they took refuge in Pantheism, and said "God is nothing else but earth, and air, and sea."

There are many points of similarity between the Zoroastrian and the Greek mythologies which point conclusively to a common origin. For instance, the deposition of Zarwan Akarana, or "Boundless Time," from the supremacy of the Pantheon in favour of Hormazd, is exactly paralleled by the history of *Χρονος* and *Ζευς* or *Ουρανος*, of Saturn and Jupiter; the angels of productive laws, in Zoroaster's system, and the nymphs and sylvan deities of classic legend are absolutely identical; the earth, the foster-mother of the human race, is worshipped in both systems, under the allegory of a cow—the one great means of sustenance to a pastoral people—as the name *γῆ* itself proves; for this is nothing more than the Zend *Genš*, the *Gau* of the modern Persian, and our own word Cow. And still more clear is the analogy, when we remember the universal reverence paid by the Greeks to the sun—

τοὺν πάντων θεῶν θεὸν πρόμον Ἄλιον.
Soph. Œd. Tyr. 660.

The archetype of the Greek religion having been brought by the first Aryan emigrants from their native home, it was to be expected that any late accession of ideas from the same source would be received with avidity by their descendants. That such was actually and historically the case is testified both by Persian and Greek writings.

The conquest of India and Persia by Alexander is a constant theme with the Persian historian; but, in order to maintain the credit of Persia, the conqueror is said to have been of Persian origin—a romantic old legend making him out to be the son of Dara, an Iranian king. In the "*Desatir*," we find a book or chapter, entitled "*Book of Instruction for Alexander*," where he is thus addressed:—"Because the affairs of the Iranians went in many respects ill, I (Mazdam) caused thee to be carried into Greece."

In the same work we are also expressly

told that the Gushaspis, the followers of Hosheng and true exponents of the ancient faith, communicated their tenets to Alexander, who in turn communicated them to Aristotle, and thus laid the foundation of a new school of religious philosophy.

Another curious fact is that Indian ideas, when imported into Greek mythology, took precisely the same form of development as the Persian ideas, which were imported into Semitic, or Mohammedan theology—both in fact resulted in a system of mysticism, and in the employment of outward atheism and debauchery, to defend from the uninitiated vulgar the esoteric doctrine of Monotheism and Asceticism.

Dionysus came from, or at least is said to have visited, India, and in his rites we recognize the identical doctrines professed by the modern mystics of Persia.

"Happy is he," says Euripides, "who is blessed in the fruition of divine mysteries, lives a life of purity; and while he keeps festival on the mount consecrates his soul by holy lustration."

ὁ μίκαρ ὅστις ἐνδαί —
μὴν τελετὴς θεῶν
εἰδὼς βιοτῶν ἀγιστεύει
καὶ θιασέεται ψυ —
χάν, ἐν ὄρεσσι βακχεύ —
ὦν οἰκίῳ καθαρμοισίν.

Eurip. Bacchæ, 73.

Here we learn the true mystic meaning of the Bacchic rites, although the sensual tendencies of the Greeks made the doctrines a mere excuse for indulging in the foulest orgies. The very word *orgia* (*οργή*) is nothing else than the "ecstasy," *hāl*, or "natural impulse" of the Persians. Euripides, in the passage quoted above, speaks in a truly Sufistic strain, and we might almost fancy ourselves listening to the lyrics of Háfiz himself. The lustration on the mount, the real purity of heart symbolized by dissipation, the intoxication of divine phrenzy, all these are common-places of the Persian mystic bards.

Thus far we have seen that the principle of the worship of light, or its immediate offspring, the worship of the heavenly hosts, permeates every form of religion in the ancient world, and is evident in every system of mythology. Mitra, Baal, Helios, Jupiter, are but different names of one and the same divinity—the Sun; Astarte, Ashtaroth, or Venus, whose worship was so popular during the Roman sway, is no other than the moon, the sensual goddess of night—for the

virgin chaste Diana is but a reformed moon, an *Immaculate Conception* of the Western mind.

Under Christianity itself, and Mohammedanism the old belief was never stamped out; and, if it did not appear so plainly above the surface, it has existed ever since, and exists even now. The Meccan pilgrim performs the circuit of the Kaabeh in imitation of the orbit of the heavenly bodies; the Bedawî, outwardly a Mohammedan, neglects the Kibleh, and turns at sunrise to the east, and at sunset to the west, when he repeats his prayers; and on the mountain plateaus of Moab we have seen the Arab bow down and pray before the young crescent moon. But it is in the traditions of the common people, and more than all, in the strange and apparently anomalous sects which exist in Syria and Persia to the present day, that we must look for traces of the rites and superstitions of the ancient Pagan faith.

Baal and Ashtaroth are no more openly worshipped; we have no more incarnations of the Sun God, for Islam has a heavy hand upon idolaters; but Islam itself is made to furnish a substitute, and from the personages of Mohammedan history are selected the objects on which traditional reverence is bestowed.

Mohammedanism had repressed the old national legends of Persia, but it could not suppress them altogether, or eradicate them from the people's hearts, and in 'Ali they found a name to whom they could transfer their veneration for the ancient heroes and prophets, Mahabad, Rustum, and Zerdusht, who again are little more than types and avatars of the Sun God.

Nor is this phenomenon without parallel in the West—for, as in the grosser Mariolatry of later Rome, the people, not satisfied with the true God of revelation, who had replaced the favourites of their Pantheon, transferred their worship of the Queen of Heaven to that other person to whom their personal devotion naturally attached in the intensely human character of the Mother of God, so these Eastern pagans transferred their personal devotion to the person of 'Ali, whose life and character excited so strongly their national and domestic sympathies; and in this selection the antithesis of Eastern and Western character is strikingly exhibited—the East despising woman, and the West loving her.

Shiah poetry often does not scruple to apply to 'Ali the very attributes of God

himself, mystically, philosophically, of course;—but for the grosser forms of this heresy we must refer to other less known sects, such as Druse and Nusefryeh.

In order to understand the position of these various sects it will be necessary to review briefly the progress and changes of religious opinion in the Mohammedan religion since the time of its founder.

The earliest followers of Islam—that is, those who were contemporary with or survived Mohammed—appear to have accepted, without question, the inspired character of the Korán, and to have interpreted in their plain and obvious sense the statements therein contained as to the nature and attributes of God. The *hadiths* or sayings of Mohammed, handed down orally from generation to generation, although they form so important an element in the religion, and constitute a law hardly second in authority to that of the Korán itself, refer almost exclusively to ceremonial or legal questions; and it does not appear that in those early days the slightest dispute had arisen upon the interpretation of their Scriptures or upon the primary doctrines of the religion.

Very shortly, however, the question of free-will began to be raised, and the doctrine was openly advocated by Maabed ibn Khálid Johní, under the name of *cadr*, "power."

For this heresy he was put to the torture, and hanged by order of the Caliph Abd el Melik in the year A.D. 699, but his doctrine, nevertheless, obtained a large number of followers. Another sect, calling themselves Kharijís, also sprung up during the Caliphate of 'Ali, who made a determined stand against the innovation, but without being able to exterminate it.

The principal tenets of the Kharijís were that "all sin excludes one from the category of the faithful; and that it is lawful to take up arms and contend against the authority of the Imám."

But the most important schism of the period was that of the Shiáhs. The antagonism of the two parties, Sunni and Shiáh, was only a revival of the ancient feud between Jew and Gentile, but the rivals were now Arab and Persian, instead of Hebrew and Greek. The Arabs are exclusive, and reject foreign ideas, and we therefore find in Arabia—the stronghold of the Sunni doctrines—the Semitic element of Mohammedanism, founded upon the national axioms which are embodied in the traditions (*hadith*) of the prophets of Islam. The Persians,

on the contrary, are eclectic, and are willing to engraft Arabic ideas on their own system, while they still jealously guard the principles of their national faith. The Persian portion of the early adherents of Islam made common cause with 'Ali, the disappointed rightful successor of Mohammed. The murder of 'Ali's sons on Persian soil still further cemented the union—and the breach once made has widened more and more down to the present day. The Persian party, who attached themselves so exclusively to 'Ali, supported his claims to the succession with vehement partizanship, and entertained the most exaggerated notions respecting him, even assigning to him a certain participation in the nature and attributes of the Deity. These extravagant theories were propounded even during the life-time of 'Ali, who missed no opportunity of expressing his abhorrence thereof, and severely punished those who held them.

Following closely upon this doctrine came that of Ibn es Sandá Sabáí. He taught that the prophet had delegated the office of Imám, or supreme head of the religion, to 'Ali, who thus inherited the rank and title of successor and vicar of the apostle of God. He also declared that 'Ali had not been really killed, that he had only disappeared, and would return upon earth to redress all wrongs and to punish sin. 'Ali was explicitly declared to partake of the nature of the Godhead, and to exercise certain functions of the deity. It was from this Ibn es Sandá that the Ráfidhiyeh drew their origin; this sect taught that the office of Imám belongs by divine right to certain individuals whose succession is fore-ordained. Another doctrine, namely that of the disappearance of the Imám and of his return after death in the person of his successor, is also derived from the same source. Ibn Sabáí contrived to gain over a large number of followers, and spread the germs of the Shiíte schism throughout the most important provinces of the Muslim empire. In the century immediately succeeding that of the "Companions of the Prophet," appeared the doctrine of *tatll*, which, by denying all attributes and actions to God, reduced the Deity to a mere name. The sect, which was founded by a certain Jáhm ibn Sufwan, was strenuously opposed by the Mussulmans, and its author was put to death towards the end of the dynasty of the Ommiade Caliphs.

The next heterodoxy was that of the

Mo'tazeleh, or "Seceders," which took its rise in the school of the celebrated Has'n el Basri about the year 100 of the Mohammedan era.

They taught that God would not be seen of men visibly in the future life; they denied the examination of the soul in the tomb after death by the angels Munkir and Nakir (which was most hateful to the true believer); they declared that the Korán was not eternal, but created, and that it had an origin and a beginning. A protest against this system might naturally be expected, and accordingly we find anthropomorphism directly taught and openly professed about the middle of the third century of the Hejrah. The exponent of this system was one Ibn Keram, from whom the sect took the name of Keramí. He made the pilgrimage to Mecca, whence he came into Syria, and, dying there in A.H. 256, was buried in Jerusalem. In that country alone he is said to have had more than 20,000 followers. The Keramís and Motazeleh's were bitterly opposed to each other and had at different epochs many disputes and wars. In A.H. 264 appeared the sect of Karmatheans, whose lawless and fanatical bands devastated Arabia, and even obtained possession of the Holy City of Mecca itself.

The introduction of Greek literature and philosophy by the Caliph Mamún did much to foster and encourage these heresies.

In the meantime the Shiah doctrines were making great strides in Islam, and, on the accession of the family of Bowaiyeh to the Caliphate of Baghdad, were publicly adopted by the princes of that house, A.H. 334-437.

The Fatemite Caliphs having established their authority in Africa, openly professed the doctrines of the Ismaflis, as the Karmatheans were now called, and sent *daís*, or missionaries, to spread their tenets in Egypt, where they were very favourably received. When, in A.H. 358, they had made themselves masters of that country and extended their conquests into Syria, the numerous heretical sects before mentioned began fearlessly to hold up their heads in Islam, and no doctrine was too extravagant or too impious to find believers and adherents.

Such is the account which Macrízi, the historian and geographer of Egypt, gives of the state of religious opinion in the East, up to the time immediately preceding the reign of El Hakem. But there were other causes, which, in Syria espe-

cially, led to the ready adoption even of so outrageous a creed as that which made a god of one of the maddest and most fickle monsters that the world has ever produced.

Many learned writers have attributed the Druse religion solely to the teaching of the mad Caliph's emissary Darzi.

But unless the paganism with which the creed teems had been already ripe among the people of Syria, they would never have accepted so preposterous a scheme. The fact is that, being hereditary pagans, that is to say, Sabceans, they were glad of any pretext which enabled them to practise their rites in secret, and they accepted Hakem's monstrous creed as more congenial to their heathen tastes than the stricter Mohammedan profession. The real origin of a sect is not always to be found in its historic beginning; the nation is ripe for revolution, and the man appears; the doctrines are implanted already in people's hearts, and the forms are ready to hand in the national legendary lore.

The Druses profess to recognize but one God, exalted above all attributes, incomprehensible by sense and undefinable by language. They believe that He has manifested himself at various epochs under a human form, and that the last of these avatars was the Caliph Hakem, who disappeared miraculously in the year 411 A.H. (A.D. 1021), and who will once again return clothed in majesty, to establish his kingdom upon earth. They believe, moreover, that the universal intelligence is the first of God's creatures, and the agent and medium of his creative power; this intelligence was incarnate in the person of Hamza, Darzi's teacher and coadjutor in the work of proselytism.

They hold that all souls are created by the Universal Intelligence, that their number is always the same, and that they pass successively into different human bodies. They are accused of worshipping a small idol in the form of a calf, but this figure is really the symbol of the evil principle, the rival and enemy of Hakem, the calf '*Ejel*' being opposed by a sort of mystic form to the intelligence '*Akl*', to which we have just referred.*

The exact correspondence of these tenets with the Mahabádian creed will be obvious to the most superficial reader of the foregoing pages.

Another system which has preserved

* See Besant and Palmer's "Jerusalem," p. 106. Bentley: London, 1871.

down to the present day, in an almost unbroken line, the primæval traditions of the Aryan faith, is that of the Sufis. This sect of Illuminati appeared in El Islâm about the second century of the Hejrah. The origin of their peculiar tenets has been the subject of frequent discussion, both among European and Oriental scholars. Hitherto, all inquiry into their mystic doctrines seems to have been a mere groping in the dark, and no eye has yet been found keen enough to catch a glimpse of the divine light which shines through them all. It is in these doctrines, however, that we would look for the vestiges of that primæval faith which forms the archetype of all Aryan religious ideas.

Tholuck, the great German authority on the subject, seems to have read the mystic poems of Sufistic writers rather superficially, and to have deduced from them a system of mysticism which he calls Sufism. It would have been better had he studied their tenets in the works which teach the system itself, and from which the Sufi poets derived the ideas expanded and explained in their verses. As it is, he mistakes the details of such expansion for the principles of the system: it is as though a person should write an account of the Christian religion professed by the English Church solely from the deductions made from a few hymns and sermons, without first making himself acquainted with the gospels and the articles of faith.

Under the name of Sufism we include the numerous orders of dervishes which are found throughout the Mohammedan

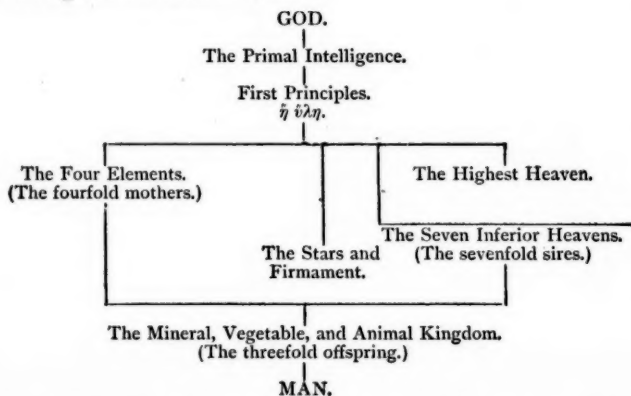
world, all of whom are more or less intimately connected with the system of which the Masnavi of Moulavi Jelâl ed Dîn Rumî is the recognized and authoritative exposition.

According to the Sufis, God is "an infinite and illimitable LIGHT;" there is no single atom of the material universe which God does not pervade, comprise, and comprehend. God came from internal to external being, manifesting himself by means of the Primal Intelligence, which He created without any medium whatever, by the sole utterance of the word *kun*, "Be." This Primal Intelligence is the creative agent of God, and from this all intelligences, souls, and elements started into being.

The universe consists of two worlds, the material and perceived, and the spiritual and conceived. The first consists of the throne of God, or highest heaven, the seven inferior heavens, the firmament, and the stars, and the elements of earth, air, fire, and water.

The second is composed of emanations from the divinity himself, and of agencies which are the intermediate vehicles of intercourse between God and man. They are in fact the presiding genii, or personified laws of animal, vegetable, and mineral production, for as Mohammed says in one of the Hadith, "An angel descends in every drop of dew." As well as the angels there are evil genii and devils, created of fire, of whom Iblis is the head and chief.

The following is the Sufistic scheme of cosmogony:—



The Primal Intelligence has two functions, that of receiving from God, and that of conveying to the world. These two functions are supposed to be typified

In the prophetic and saintly offices; the exponent of the former is Mohammed; the exponent of the latter is Mehdî, the last of the Imâms, who is yet to come. Thus, as we shall presently see, in examining the Nuseirîyeh system, one single intelligence is supposed to actuate all prophets and saints, past, present, and to come; and, 'Ali being the legitimate successor of Mohammed, the hereditary portion of the Divine essence rests with the Imâms of his family. In this we have the whole principle of Shiah schisms, and the reason which induced the Persians to espouse 'Ali's cause.

The entire universe, then, according to the Sufis, is nothing but a manifestation of God, produced by the agency of an intelligence directly proceeding from Him.

But the object of creation is that God should be known; and man, as the most perfect entity of the universe, the result of the whole cosmogony, is clearly the proper instrument by which this object is to be accomplished. Again, God can only be known through intelligence, and the attainment of this intelligence is the final aim of man.

But as man sprung from this intelligence, and should tend to the same, man's existence is considered by them as a circle meeting in the intelligence which reveals the Godhead. This circle is divided into two arcs, descent and ascent; the former including every stage from the first scintillation from the original intelligence to the full development of man's reasoning powers; while the latter includes every stage from man's first use of reason for its true purpose to his final reabsorption in the deity. The ascent is naturally presented to the Sufistic mind as a journey, and it is under this metaphor that the Sufi poets are accustomed to treat of their mystic doctrines. Man is also described by them as a lover, always striving after his beloved, but always kept from the enjoyment of her presence by a veil — the veil of sense — which prevents him from recognizing the true nature of their relative positions. Another favourite metaphor with them is wine; the knowledge of God is compared to wine, but no sooner is the wine drunk than drunkenness ensues. The sense is absorbed in the enjoyment, and the union is complete between the seeker and the sought. Maulavî Rûmî has in a few lines given the gist of these speculations, and curiously enough succeeded in combining both metaphors, while at

the same time he enunciates the esoteric doctrine of Sufiism, namely, that Existence is Light, and that Light is the manifestation of God.

'Tis we who steal the sense of wine,
Not wine that robbeth us of wit;
Life is of us, not we of it,
But who shall such a thing divine?

What is our secret when 'tis told?
A loved one and nought else beside;
A lover who himself doth hide
The loved one he would fain behold.

The loved one lives for evermore,
The lover dies a living death;
Till quickened by the loved one's breath,
The lover cannot upward soar.

About us all His sunbeams play;
On right, on left, below, above,
We revel in the light of love,
Nor yet reflect a single ray.

For though the soul of man they call
A mirror that reflected grace;
A mirror with a dusty face
Reflecteth not the light at all.

We now come to the Nuseirîyeh, an exposition of whose rites, practices, and tenets, will at once convince the reader that we have in this strange religion, not only the doctrines, but the very ceremonies, of the ancient Sabæan faith.

The Nuseirîyeh doctrine, true to its origin and traditions, is of two kinds, exoteric and esoteric; the last jealously guarded and taught only to a few who are of riper years. The first consists of the undisguised worship of 'Ali ibn Abi Taleb, the cousin and rightful successor of Mohammed, and the identification of certain prominent personages in the early history of Islâm with the members of a pantheon selected from the various forms of religion, heathen and Christian, which have at different times been dominant in the East. The esoteric doctrine is the exposition of the symbolic character of the creed, the revival of the old but forgotten formulæ which teach that the persons worshipped are but the types and symbols of the heavenly hosts; and that these again, are but manifestations of the all-pervading element of Light, which is but an expression for the first conceived cause, or God.

The Nuseirîyeh worship a mystic triad, consisting of and represented by 'Ali, Mohammed, and Selmán el Farsî. These are alluded to by the mystic word '*Amas*, composed of three initial letters of their names; 'Ali being, moreover, called the *Mand*, or "meaning," the ob-

ject implied in all their teaching; Mohammed the Chamberlain; and Selmán el Farsi the door. To understand these, we must remember that Eastern Sovereigns are never approached except through the mediation of their chamberlains, and that the three offices, borrowed doubtless from Christian doctrines, will therefore correspond to these of the Holy Trinity—the King of Kings, the Mediator, and the Door of Grace. From this triad proceed five other persons, who are called *Aitám*, or Monads, and whose function is that of creation and order: of these Mikkád is the controller of thunder, lightning, and earthquakes; Abu'l Durr of the orbit of the stars; Abu Abdallah ibn Rawwáheh of the winds; and to him also is assigned the task of receiving the souls of the dying, in which respect he is identical with Azrail, the Mohammedan angel of death; Othman is lord of the human body, its functions, humours, and diseases; while to Cambar is committed the office of introducing new-born souls into the world.

The identity of these five persons with the five planets known to the ancients, and the correspondence of their functions with those of the heathen deities whose names the planets bear, are at once obvious; the names, however, are those of men who played a conspicuous part in the early history of Islám.

The Nuseiríyeh hold the doctrine of a fall, and believe that before the creation of the world they existed as shining lights and brilliant stars, neither eating nor drinking, but passing their whole time in contemplation of 'Ali ibn Abi Talib, in which condition they remained for 7,077 years. At the expiration of this period, they began to imagine that there were no nobler beings than themselves in creation, and this piece of pride was the first fault of which they were guilty; whereupon the Supreme Being created for them his chamberlain, who veiled him from their sight for 7,077 years. Then 'Ali appeared to them, and demanded, "Am I not your Lord?" to which they replied, "Yea;" but, in imagining him to be like themselves, and that they had seen him in all his fulness, they committed another sin, for which they were compelled to revolve round the veil for another 7,077 years. At the end of this time, 'Ali again appeared to them, in the form of an aged man, with white hair and beard, and asked them, "Who am I?" and they answered, "We know not." He next appeared in the form of a youth,

with an angry aspect, riding upon a lion; and again in that of a little child; but each time that he asked them, "Am I not your Lord?" they were perplexed, and knew not what to answer. Then he created out of their doubt and perplexity the earth; saying, "This shall be your abode, get ye down thereto; but whosoever of you shall hereafter acknowledge me and my Door, and my Chamberlain, him I will cause to return hither; but whoso rebelleth against me, out of his rebellion I will create an antagonism which shall withstand him; and whoso denyeth me, I will clothe him in the garb of degraded transmigration." Thereupon they pleaded piteously for a remittal of the sentence, but 'Ali answered them, "Nay; for ye have rebelled against me: but if ye had said, when I questioned you, 'Lord, we have no knowledge but that which thou hast given us,' I would have pardoned you."

From the ingratitude and rebellion of these primæval souls, say the Nuseiríyeh, the evil spirits and devils were created; and out of the sins of the devils, woman was called into being. For this reason their women are never allowed to participate in the knowledge and rites of their religion.

After their descent upon the earth, 'Ali appeared to them again, sometimes once in each of the seven cycles into which they divide the history of the world. In each of these cycles, the Trinity was manifested in the persons of certain prominent historical characters of the age, and each *avatar* was accompanied by a similar incarnation of the Antagonistic or Evil principle. This devil of the Nuseiríyeh is always represented as a triune being; and, carrying out the principle of affiliating their religious system upon the history of Mohammedanism, they have made the immediate opponents of 'Ali represent the personification of Evil, as he himself and his immediate supporters are the personification of Good.

Thus Abu Bekr, Omar, and Othman (called respectively the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Antagonism) are considered by the Nuseiríyeh as the conjunct incarnation of Satan.

The seven cyclical manifestations were followed by seven others,—incarnations of the Supreme Being in human form, of which the last was 'Ali ibn Abi Talib, the name under which he is worshipped by the Nuseiríyeh; in fact, nearly every prophet, and even every striking event mentioned in sacred or profane history,

is explained as a manifestation of the trine 'Amas.

Besides these *avatars*, 'Ali is said to have assumed at various times the forms of lower animals. Of these the first was the dog of the seven sleepers of Ephesus, whose story is told in the Korán, and who is believed to have been turned into a man, and is revered for his faithful attachment to his master. The Nuseiríyeh say that, when the seven youths fled from the persecution of Decius, and took refuge in the cave where they were miraculously preserved for many years, 'Ali appeared to them in the form of a dog, in order to try their faith; and, finding them not wanting, restored them to the sky, where they now exist as shining stars. The second was the miraculous cow which enabled Moses to determine the guilty persons in a case of homicide. The legend, as told in the Commentaries upon the 2nd chapter of the Korán (where it is only slightly mentioned), is that a certain young man, of exemplary piety and filial affection, was sent by his mother to dispose of a cow which his father had bequeathed to him; on his way to the market he was met by the angel Gabriel, who tested his probity by offering him a much larger sum than he had demanded, on condition of his concealing the amount from his mother; and, the young man having resisted the temptation, the angel bade him reserve the cow until Moses should ask for it, and sell it to no one else. A case of murder occurred soon afterwards among the Israelites, and the evidence for and against the accused was so conflicting that Moses was unable to decide upon it, until it was revealed to him that, if a cow of a certain description were sacrificed, and the dead man smitten with its tail, the corpse would revive for a few moments and point out his murderer. No cow could be found answering to the required description except that of the pious young man, who was thus enabled to sell it for a price sufficiently large to enrich him for the remainder of his life. The event turned out as had been predicted; the corpse revived, and the real murderers were duly punished. The third manifestation was the camel of Nebí Sâleh. This again is Koránic legend. Sâleh was a prophet sent to Thamúd, a certain ancient Arabic tribe, who, however, rejected his mission, and demanded a sign from heaven. The prophet smote the rock, and there issued from it a camel, which immediately brought forth a foal, and the people were

told that as long as the beast remained amongst them unharmed they would be prosperous, but that, if any evil befel her, they would surely be punished. Disregarding the warning, they mocked the prophet, and slaughtered the camel and her foal, whereupon they were overtaken by so awful a voice of thunder from heaven that they all perished with the shock; Nebí Sâleh alone escaping alive.

In consequence of the above stories, divine honours are paid by the Nuseiríyeh to the dog, the cow, and the camel, which they believe to have been incarnations of 'Ali.

They believe also in the doctrine of transmigration of souls, dividing metempsychosis into seven classes, each of which has numerous subdivisions; according to them, this is what is meant by the seven doors of hell, described in the Korán, chap. 8, "hell has seven doors, and every door its divisions."

The souls of the good and learned Mohammedans will after death enter into the bodies of asses, those of Christians into pigs, and of Jews into apes; as for their own sect, the wicked will become cattle and serve for food; the initiated who have given way to religious doubts will be changed into apes; and the indifferent, that is, those who are neither quite good nor altogether bad, will again become men, but will be born in a strange sect and people.

If any one desires to be affiliated into the Nuseiríyeh sect, they believe that he was one of them in a previous state of existence, but that in punishment for some sin committed in his former life he has been brought into the world amongst unbelievers. If, on the other hand, one of their number forsake their religion for another, they attribute it to a laxity in the social relations between the apostate's mother and some member of the sect whose tenets he has adopted. When a man wishes to leave the sect, they purchase from him the spiritual benefit that is supposed to accrue from any prayers or sacrifices which he may previously have offered.

At one time the Nuseiríyeh in Syria would admit no proselytes but such as came from Persia, either because of the particular devotion paid by the Shiáhs of that country to the memory of 'Ali, or, more probably, from some traditional sympathy with a nation whose tendencies are, like their own, — entirely Sabean. It will be seen, from the preceding sketch of their tenets, that the religion professed by the

great mass of the Nuseirfeyeh is a mere *mélange* of dogmas and superstitions, borrowed from the various creeds which have at different times been dominant in the country, and serving as a cloak for the more esoteric doctrine, which is nothing more nor less than a degenerate and idolatrous phase of Sabeanism.

The following is the explanation given by the Illuminati amongst them, and is not communicated to the members of the sect until some years of probation have elapsed since their first initiation : —

By 'Ali ibn Abi Talib is meant the sky, which is the real heaven, only darkly hinted at in the materialistic description of Paradise, as given in the Korán, wherein it is said that "beneath it rivers flow."

The rivers here spoken of are: 1st. The river of Wine, whereby is typified the Holy Name, or Mohammed, to whom the sky appears red. 2nd. The river of Milk, signifying the sight of the door, that is of Selmán el Farsi, who beholds the sky white. 3rd. The river of Honey, referring to the angelic vision, for the angels behold the sky yellow; now the angels are the stars. 4th. The river of Water, which is mortal sight, looking upon the sky as blue.

We, when we have put off our mortal garb, shall be lifted up amongst that glorious band of stars which form the milky way, and then we shall behold the sky yellow; but, if we leave ourselves a prey to doubt and unbelief, we shall again be imprisoned in fleshly abodes, and descend lower and lower in the scale of transmigration.

Our Lord Mohammed is the Sun, and every prophet that has appeared in the world is but an incarnation of this celestial orb. Our Lord, Selmán el Farsi, is the Moon.

Those whom men call the companions of Mohammed here on earth are angels who existed before the creation of the world; they are the five planets. Mikdad is the planet Saturn, whose heavenly name is Michael; he is the greatest of them all. Abu Durr is the planet Jupiter, whom the heavenly host call Israfil. Abu Abdullah ibn Rawwâhah el Ansári is the planet Mars; his name on high is Azrail, and men call him the Angel of Death. Whenever this planet sets, or is obscured, you may know that Azrail has descended upon earth to catch a parting soul. Othman ibn Madh'û en Nájashî is the planet Venus, whom the angels call Dardiyâel. Camber ibn Kadan is Mercury, which in heaven is called Salsiyâel. The lower grade of celestial beings comprehends the souls of those who have been released from the torments of the flesh, and regained their place amongst the stars by confessing their faith in the Trinity, that is, in 'Amas, that is, in the sky, the sun, and the moon; and their belief in the manifestations of the Triune in all his *avatars*, from the first cycle to the person of 'Ali ibn Abi Talib.

The Nuseirfeyeh are divided into several sects, the main difference between them consisting in their method of interpreting the esoteric doctrine; each adopting a different theory with regard to the identity of the Supreme Being. The most numerous and orthodox sect is that of the Shemáliyeh, or "Northerners," who regard the sky as the first person of the Trinity, and the true object of adoration. It is from their articles of faith that we have taken the esoteric explanation above given. In support of their doctrine they appeal to the description given, both in the Korán and in their own scriptures, of their Deity, who is repeatedly spoken of as "Infinite, Illimitable, and Incomprehensible." This, they say, applies exactly to the sky, but cannot be predicted of any other entity, real or imaginary; similarly, they quote the passage of the Korán (Chap. ii. 6, 109): "Wherever ye turn yourselves, the face of God is there, for God is spacious and wise," interpreting literally the word *wasim* spacious, which in Lane's version is rendered omnipresent, in accordance with the Mohammedan Exegesis. The Korán is made also to prove the divinity of 'Ali. In Chap. 36 v. 81 it says: "Is not he who created the heavens and the earth able to create the like thereof?" The preposition '*Ala*,' with which the verb *cadir*, "able," is construed, the Nuseirfeyeh say, is a corruption introduced by Omar into the text, which instead of "*fathah*" should be read with '*kesra*,' which would make it 'Ali; the translation in that case is made out to be "Is not 'Ali, who created the heavens and earth, able to create the like thereof?"

Truly Nuseirfeyeh orthodoxy can place itself right royally above the grammarians.

The next most important sect is that of the Kelazfeyeh (so called from their foudner, Sheikh Mohammed ibn Kelazu), who worship the moon. They, however, consider the three persons of their Trinity as co-existent and co-equal; and their doctrine approaches more nearly to the simple worship of light, as they believe it is one and the same power which appears in the sun, moon, and stars. The reason assigned by them for according the chief adoration to the moon, is that the Deity created it as a dwelling-place for himself; and their traditions say that the black spot visible in the centre of the disc, when the moon is at the full, is 'Ali ibn Abi Talib himself, crowned and seated on his throne. Our own children's fable of the Man in the Moon may be traced

to a similar superstition. If by reason of clouds or mist neither the sun nor the moon can be seen at the time of prayer, the Kelazīyeh place a silver coin in their hands, and direct their prayers towards that. A similar relic of Sabeian symbolism is found amongst the Metawileh, a Shiah sect of Mohammedans in Syria. These, at the time of prayer, place in the ground a little disc made of earth taken from the tomb of Hasan and Husein at Kerbelâ which they touch with their foreheads during their prostrations.

The other sects are Sun-worshippers, Worshippers of the *Shafk* or red glow of sunrise and sunset, and Air-worshippers. These again differ from the Shemâliyeh only in taking each of these phenomena respectively as their symbol of the Deity, the teaching and profession of all the sects being virtually the same. The Air-worshippers, however, seem to owe their origin to a misconception, for like most Eastern sects the Nuseirfyeh have borrowed the idea of God expressed in the Holy name of Jehovah, signifying *that which is, i.e., the only real existence*; this in Arabic becomes *Hurwa*, "He is," a favourite Mohammedan form of invocation which this branch of the Nuseirfyeh have distorted into the word *Hawa*, "air." These divisions are very interesting, preserving as they do traces of the various historical phases through which Sabeianism has passed. In the doctrines of the Shemâliyeh, the worship of the sky, we may recognize that ancient creed, the supplanting of which by sun-worship is vaguely hinted at in the Greek myth of Zeus supplanting Ouranos. In the sun-worshippers we see the next phase, which appeared in the cults of Baal, Helios, Jupiter, &c.; and in the Kelâziyeh, or moon-worshippers, we have the most popular worship of all, that of the Phœnician Ashtaroth, the Arab 'Oza, and the Cyprian Venus. Curiously enough, this sect still preserves a trace of the licentious rites which seem to have been inseparable from the *later* worship of Venus—we allude to the custom prevalent among the higher orders of their priesthood, when visited by another of the same rank, of the host presenting his own wife to his guest. This is called the "just right and duty," and may have given rise to the numerous disparaging stories circulated respecting the Nuseirfyeh by the Syrian peasantry, who do not scruple to accuse them of the grossest form of Venus-worship. In the earlier forms of this worship there would

seem to have been nothing obscene or licentious; the most ancient temples of Venus recently excavated at Cyprus do not contain a single indelicate statue or representation. Another point which the Nuseirfyeh have in common with the ancient pagans is their intense objection to imparting their doctrines to the profane, no sin being so great in their eyes as to divulge the secrets of their religion. They accordingly conform outwardly to the religion of their neighbours, even attending the Mohammedan mosques, and making a pretence of following the prayers, while in reality they occupy themselves on such an occasion by secretly repeating a set formula of curses upon Abu Bekr, Othman, Mo'awiyeh, and the other opponents of 'Ali ibn Abi Talib. They have a proverb justifying their duplicity. "The Nuseirfyeh," say they, "are the body of mankind, and other sects the clothing. It matters not, then, what clothing a man wears, and none but an idiot would walk naked about the street." The pilgrimage to Mecca and the Fast of Ramadhan, however, they do not observe, explaining away as allegorical the passages in which the Korân commands them so to do. The pilgrimage to Mohammed's tomb at Madinah they consider as a positive sin, believing that none of the prophets who have at any time appeared on earth occupied real human forms, but only *eidola*, and could not, therefore, die or be buried. It is with them the worst form of heresy to assert that any prophet, at any time, ate, drank, or married. Exemplifying the universal truth of the fable of the pot and kettle, the Nuseirfyeh lament over their Mohammedan neighbours as a pagan and idolatrous race.

In their rites and ceremonies they make use of hymns, sacrifices, and libations of wine. To describe these in detail would be out of place in this article, but a slight sketch of the proceedings which take place on their great festival may prove not uninteresting. The feast has its origin in a Mohammedan tradition, rejected, however, by the Sunni sect, as, if authentic, it would entirely confirm the claim of 'Ali and his family to be the successors of the Prophet, and would establish the orthodoxy of the Shiah faith.

When the day arrives for the celebration of the festival, the people of the neighbourhood assemble at the house of the person who is about to give the feast, and who (as among the ancient Greeks

and Romans) is generally some one of wealth or high social standing who desires by this means to win the favour of his meaner co-religionists. The Imám, or high priest, then takes his seat in the midst, and has placed before him a white cloth, containing a kind of spice called *mahleb*, camphor, and some sprigs of olive or fragrant herb. Two other officers, called Nakibs, then take their seats on either side of him, while other attendants bring him a vessel filled with wine, and the master of the house, after appointing a third person to minister to them, kisses their hands severally, and standing in a respectful attitude before them, asks permission to provide the requisite materials for the ceremony.

The Imám then, after prostrating himself and kissing the ground, commences by uttering a short invocation to certain mystic personages, and distributing the sprigs amongst the congregation, who rub them in their hands and place them solemnly to their noses to inhale their fragrance.

This ceremony is called the Consecration of the Fragrant Herbs, and is unquestionably the same as that which Ezekiel (chap. viii. v. 17) describes when condemning the idolatrous practices of the Jews. "Is it a light thing that they commit the abominations which they commit here? For they have filled the land with violence, and have returned to provoke me to anger; and *to, they put the branch to the nose.**

The mention immediately before of women weeping for Tammúz (the Syrian Adonis), and of five-and-twenty men with their backs towards the Temple of the Lord and their faces to the East, renders it clear that the prophet is alluding to the particular form of idolatry prevalent in Syria, and borrowed thence by the Jews; and there is but little doubt that the religion of the Nuseiriyeh is the lineal descendant of that Syrian sun worship.

The priest next takes a basin of water, throws the camphor and *mahleb* into it, and after a long exhortation to the multitude to preserve a solemn demeanour and silence during the progress of the rites, explains that the "mixture of the

perfume is a type of the all-pervading essence of 'Ali," and pours a spoonful upon his own hands, passing on the basin to his assistant, who distributes a spoonful to each one present, chanting as he does so the words God has said: "Do not the unbelievers see that the heavens and the earth were narrow, but we have widened them; and we have given to all things life from water, yet will they not believe. Glory be to him who brings the dead to life by the power of our Lord 'Ali. God is Great! God is Great! God is Great!"

This part of the proceedings is called the Consecration of the Perfume.

Live embers are then brought in in a censer, and a similar ceremony takes place, called the Consecration of Incense, the Imám passing round the assembly in the manner of the Greek priest, and the persons incensed repeating after him an invocation to Mohammed and certain members of his family.

Another officer, called the Nakib or warden, then takes a wine-cup in his hand, and, standing up, utters another long invocation purporting to be the Izán, or Proclamation to the invisible world of the Nature and Godhead of 'Ali. This is called the Ceremony of Proclamation.

At this stage of the proceedings, the Imám takes the bowl of wine, and, filling two cups from it, hands them to his two assessors, all repeating as they taste it a confession of faith in the Nuseiri Trinity. On handing the cup, the Imám says:—

Take, oh my brother, this cup in thy right hand, and ask for grace of thy Lord " 'Ali ibn Abi Talib, that he may counsel and assist thee:" and the recipient says, "Give, oh my brother, that which thou hast in thy right hand, and ask grace of thy Lord and Creator, who will assist thee in thy spiritual affairs. God grant that this may bring forth fruit to the honour of Mohammed and his people."

They then kiss each other's hands, and the Nakib standing up, with his right hand placed upon his breast, repeats a kind of deprecatory prayer in case of his neglecting any part of his ceremonial duties; after which they resume their seats, and the Imám, having again prostrated himself, kisses the ground and says:—

Imám: God make your evening happy, oh my brethren, and your mornings pleasing to him. Oh ye faithful ones, do ye accept me as your servant this holy day, making feast at the expense of such an one? God bless him.

* In this ceremony we can easily recognize the use of a bundle of twigs (*bersom*), and the rite of expressing and drinking the intoxicating juice of the Soma plant, which is common to the Izeshné sacrifice of the Parsees, and to the Soma sacrifices of the Brahmins. It forms an important link between the religions of India, Persia, and Syria, and proves the common Aryan origin of all.

All (kissing the ground): We do accept you, oh Lord and Sheikh.

Imám: Our Lord Jafir es Sádik has said that at the times of prayer all other transactions should be suspended, and that fragrant odours, silence, and attention alone are lawful. Know, oh my brethren, that whoso hath on a black turban, a two-edged blade upon his loins, or a thimble upon his finger, his prayers will not be heard. There is no greater sin than to step upon the fragrant herbs; I have warned you, do ye look to it. (Here he again kisses the ground and says) This my submission to God and to you all.

All (kissing the ground in like manner and placing their hands upon their heads): Render thy submission to God, oh Sheikh and Lord.

The Imám then recites a long formula, entitled "The Quittance," in which he curses all persons traditionally or historically hostile to 'Ali and to the Nuseiri faith, wiping his hand upon his breast, and calling upon all present to curse and renounce the individuals he has mentioned. After this he repeats the Fatiha, or opening chapter of the Korán, and several other passages, concluding with a long discourse upon the attributes of 'Ali.

Lastly comes the Consecration of Completion, which consists of prayers and prostrations similar to those already described, with the addition of the chanting of hymns. These being concluded, a sheep—which has been in the meanwhile killed and dressed outside—is brought in, blessed by the Imám, and set before the assembled company, who partake of the food and separate. Towards the close of the festival, some offertory sentences are read, during which the master of the house distributes alms to the priests who have taken part in the ceremony.

In the towns, these feasts are chiefly held after dark, in order to avoid the prying eyes of the profane; but the country people have no such scruples, and celebrate them in open daylight. Prayers and sacrifices are offered at the tombs of their deceased sheikhs and elders, who they believe to be raised amongst the stars to the office of mediators and intercessors; a falling star is believed to be the soul of one of them revisiting his burial-place.

The use of wine plays an important part in all the Nuseiriyeh ceremonies, it being regarded as the symbol of the sun, from its brightness and reviving qualities. This is probably the secret of the invariable employment of libations of wine

in all pagan rites, and even amongst ourselves the notion still lingers in the social practice of passing the bottle as the sun goes round. The use of tobacco, tomatoes, and certain other vegetables, and the wearing of any clothing of a red colour, are strictly prohibited by the Nuseiriyeh; the reasons assigned for the restriction are, however, too disgusting to be mentioned.

Their scriptures consist of certain mystical hymns and poems, and a work entitled *Kitáb el Majmú'*, "the book of compilation," to which they refer for all their doctrines and practices. It is composed of seventeen short chapters, made up of passages of the Korán, interspersed with blasphemous invocations to 'Ali, and clumsily concealed allusions to their esoteric worship of the hosts of heaven. In this book prayers are personified, and spoken of as actually living and existing mediators. It was composed by Husein ibn Hamdan el Khasibi, who, after Mohammed ibn Nuseiri, the founder of the sect, is considered as the greatest of their sheikhs and teachers. He is also the author of a book of poems in great repute among the Nuseiriyeh, and in one of his verses he vents his ill humour in no measured terms against the people of Damascus, where his dogmas appear to have met with anything but a favourable reception. From Damascus he removed to Bagdad, and endeavoured to propagate his tenets in that city, but was promptly repressed by the governor, and thrown into prison on the double charge of blasphemy and sedition. Finding means to escape, he rejoined his followers in Syria, and gave out that he had been miraculously released by the Messiah himself, on whose alleged authority he claimed to be an incarnation of Mohammed and of his immediate descendants. He taught that Adam, Enoch, Cainan, Mahaleel, Jared, Enoch, Methuselah, Lamech, Noah, Shem, Arphaxad, Jareb, Hud, Saleh, Lokman (the Eastern 'Esop), Lot, Abraham, Ishmael, Isaac, Jacob, the Pharaoh of Joseph's days, Moses, Aaron, Caleb, Ezekiel, Samuel, David, Solomon, Job, Elijah, Alexander the Great, Saul, Daniel, and Mohammed, were all incarnations of the Messiah. Some Pagan philosophers are included by him in the same list, as well as Artaxerxes, Shapur, and many other historical personages. The wives of all these, with the exception of Noah and Lot, he declared were incarnations of Selmán el Farsi. Not contented with including all the prophets known and un-

known in this strange category, he added to the number of Messianic incarnations the Queen of Sheba, and Potiphar's wife; certain animals, as the wolf, which was wrongly accused of having eaten Joseph; birds, as the lapwing of Solomon; and even certain members of the mineral kingdom.

The Nuseiriyeh in Syria number about 5,000, and are principally found on the sea coast in the neighbourhood of Laodicea, and in the mountain districts north of Aleppo. They are a turbulent race, and give occasionally great trouble to the government; but their influence has lately been considerably weakened by a military expedition undertaken against them a year or so ago by Rashid Pasha, the late Governor-General of Syria. The Nuseiriyeh sect is but one of a number of secret and mystical societies existing in Syria and Persia, all of which, as far as their doctrines are at present understood, appear to preserve the traditional rites and beliefs of the early Sabeian faith.

We have endeavoured to suggest the broad principles of comparative theology; Phallic or astronomical systems, the myriad forms under which the powers of nature have, in various mythologies, been typified, are but divergencies in different directions from one idea, extensions of one scheme of symbolism; they are matters of detail which may be left to others to work out. Besides the interest which such an investigation must have for the scholar, there is another and a higher importance attaching to the subject. If we understand the principle which underlies the superstitions of the East, and the nature of the prejudices which must be overcome before Eastern peoples can be brought to accept a truer teaching, we shall be the better enabled to work permanent good among them, and shall avoid the mistake of attacking the outworks of error while we leave the real stronghold unassailed.

In the East old ideas are too strongly rooted to be disturbed by any change which may have been forced upon the people by mere external or political circumstances, and it is a melancholy fact, which no one who has intimately studied the Oriental character can fail to recognize, that even many a professing Eastern Christian may yet be a thorough pagan at heart. The Nuseiriyeh worshippers of 'Ali—the crowds who yearly toil across the desert to the old Sabeian shrine at Mecca—are not the only ones whom blind pagan superstition holds in thrall: the

Greek convents of the Levant present as fearful a picture of ignorance and superstition, of observance without belief, and of pretended faith without works. We must strike at the root of the evil, and, instead of compromising with an idolatrous community in the vain hope that we may thus Christianize the East, let us wage a fearless war against all error, and, by judicious teaching and honest example, endeavour to win their hearts and raise their minds, that they may become capable of receiving the twin blessings of Christianity and civilization. The first step is to understand the true nature of paganism, to prune away the evil—the idolatrous excrescences—and to find and utilize the good; and that there is much good we do not hesitate to assert, the very vitality of the ancient ideas proving their intrinsic worth. The original Aryan conception of a Deity is the root of that giant tree whose branches cover every land where any traces of the Aryan family exist.

The adoration of Light, as at once the symbol and the cause of life—as “the Light which is the Life of men”—leads directly to the conception and worship of the one Great Cause, the starting point of Creation, the “Self-Created One,” or, as this last idea is expressed in Sanscrit, Zend, and Persian—Cwadata—Codata—Khoda—the English word GOD.

This embryological relationship existing between all creeds surely proves that natural religion is but a phase of natural laws, and that there is some truth in the old Mohammedan poet—

Kaabeh or joss-house—'tis His House of prayer,
E'en jangling bells invite us to His shrine;
Mosque or cathedral—He is present there;
Crescent or crucifix—'tis Allah's sign!*

* Taken from the Tetrastich of Omar Keiyyâm, a celebrated Persian poet (circa A. D. 1100), an edition of whose works with a prose French translation, “Les Quatrains de Khéyam,” by J. B. Nicolas, was published in Paris in 1867.

From Temple Bar.

NICOLE VAGNON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “PATTY.”

V.

THE stable-yard of the Hôtel du Quai at Caudebec forms, in fact, the entrance to the house itself. It is a long, not very wide yard, opening from the Quai, with a café beside it; the stables are on the

right of the yard, and on the left are some sheds for the vehicles of all denominations which put up at the hotel, from the truck of the pedlar clothier to the two-horsed carriage of the country *grand seigneur* on his way to the baths at Trouville, or one of the other bathing-places which now stud the coasts of Normandy.

Jules Barrière has spent the morning in lounging about the stables; sometimes taking up a wisp of straw to give extra polish to the glossy coat of an English horse on its way to Paris—the admiration of the whole staff of ostlers and helpers; sometimes to go into the café with a new arrival; but more often Jules sidles up to the entrance-gate, and stares with straining eyes on the road which leads to Villequier. He comes down the yard more bravely than he went up it, with his hands stuffed in his trousers' pockets; but there is a sheepish irresolute look on his handsome face; one would say he is trying to do something which he fears and shrinks from. He has gone into the stables again, and stands looking vacantly at the English horse. All at once he feels his blouse plucked at.

A little fair-haired boy in a belted tunic is getting red in the face with his efforts to attract attention. "M'sieur Jules—M'sieur Jules! This for you—for no one but you." He puts a note into Barrière's limp hand and darts out of the yard.

Jules pushes his hand through his hair. He is not in the habit of receiving notes; if he ever tried to write one it would certainly be misspelt. He turns the envelope round and round twice before he opens it.

But light is dawning on his dulled faculties—a deep flush mounts to his forehead, and he retreats to the farthest end of the stable to read his letter unobserved. It is not a long reading:

"JULES, — I think it is best for us both to be only friends; but if you think this opinion harsh and hasty, I am willing to tell you the reasons which guide me. I am now with my aunt at her lodging; do not come to me, but in five or six minutes I shall be on my way home. I will walk slowly when I am out of sight of Caudebec.

"Always your friend,
"NICOLE."

Jules gasped for breath; he stuffed the letter into his pocket and knocked his

head against the stable-wall. "Oh, my accursed folly!" he groaned. "And beast that I am, I could set wine against Nicole and her love! But it is the end. Never again will I be tempted by that traitor Floris; never again will I yield. And Nicole is so good, so generous! She will forgive me, she must!"

Even in this moment of passion the man's vanity clung to him; he hurried indoors, washed his face and hands, combed his bright hair and beard into order, and made himself look—what he really was—the handsomest man in Caudebec. Just as he reached the entrance-gates of the hotel Nicole passed by them. She did not turn her head. Jules longed to follow her, but he felt that his only hope lay in obedience. He respected his promised wife as much as he loved her, and he had a keen remembrance of the look with which she had greeted him last night. But for his fear of losing her he would have avoided the meeting.

He went back into the yard and waited; then, when he felt sure she must be out of sight, he hurried along the Quai.

Nicole went on fast till she found herself on the road, with only the limestone crags on one side and the orchards sloping down to the river on the other, to witness her meeting with her lover.

She was at war with herself; her heart longed ardently to see Jules once—only once more; but her reason told her it would be better, easier for both, if he accepted her decision and did not follow her to the Maison Blanche.

But she had promised to linger, and she walked very slowly now, her heart-beats sounding almost as distinctly as her footsteps did. Hark! there are other footsteps coming clearly, rapidly, from Caudebec. Nicole glances in sudden terror up the cliff. She longs to flee away and hide herself among the undergrowth of beech and maple which mark where lofty trees once overhung the road, as they still do farther on; but the crags are too steep, and moreover, Jules gives her no time for escape—he is close behind.

She stops as he comes up to her, but he makes no attempt at greeting. He stands still a moment, then he says sorrowfully, "Nicole, what can I say? But thou wilt pardon; is it not so?"

Nicole turns round. She has kept her face calm, but the love in Jules' eyes agitates her. She dares not look at him; she stands trembling and silent.



"Nicole!"—he speaks very earnestly—"I know my fault is unpardonable; you feel nothing but loathing and disgust for a man who has proved himself so unworthy; only let me say this: I would not dare to approach you if I had meant to deceive. If that—that," he stammers, and grows red, "chance had not happened, I should have told you I had gone with Floris and had been led astray; but Nicole"—the thrill in his voice touches her, and makes her eyes fill with tears—"even if you cast me off as wholly unworthy, it may be that that chance was a blessed one. Nicole, believe me, I am steadied for life; but life without you —"

He breaks off and turns away. He fears lest Nicole should see his weakness and despise it; but she hears a deep sob and her own tears fall fast.

"My friend," she says gently, "you think now that I am necessary to your happiness; but this is a feeling which you will get over. Any woman must love you, Jules, and you will soon find one gentler, more patient than I am. You think now that you cannot be happy without me; but, Jules, I cannot answer for myself. I dare not trust myself. I know well that if I were to see you yielding to evil influence I should not be patient. I am stern-natured in what I think right. You would soon hate a wife who reproached and lectured you."

Something in her manner gives Jules courage; he takes both her hands in his.

"My beloved," he says humbly, "and if I were again to fall into temptation, dost thou not see thou wouldst be my guardian angel? Whereas a weak woman would let me perish in my sin. But Nicole, it is over; this habit has not gone far with me, and last night's horrible awakening might cure a worse sinner than myself. Say thou dost not love me, and let me strive humbly and penitently to regain thy love; but if thou lovest me, then my darling, my Nicole, thou wilt keep faith with me; thou wilt not break my heart."

He looks so contrite, so passionately tender; it is agony to Nicole to hold out against him.

She turns her eyes away and tries to harden herself; but it is one thing to be courageous and resolute at the *Maison Blanche*, quite another to withstand Jules' tenderly spoken words and looks—the atmosphere of love his very presence creates round her.

He comes nearer; she feels his arm

stealing round her and drawing her into a closer embrace than she has ever permitted.

"No—no; it is better to part," she says. But the words come faintly, irresolutely. Nicole knows that they are wise, and yet she knows that she does not wish them to prevail; and Jules hears in them his triumph. He only thinks of himself and of his determination that Nicole shall be his wife.

"My own darling," he says passionately, "I say this: if thou wilt keep faith with me I pledge my honour, all that I hold sacred, to be a different man. But, Nicole, if thou wilt cast me off I promise nothing; in my utter misery I shall drift downwards; I shall become, Nicole, what I never could be with thee."

Jules has spoken impulsively, but if he had subtly planned his words he could not have more adroitly seized on Nicole's weak point. She is not vain, but she loves to be of use, and a life of self-devotion to one she loves, has for her the charm that ease and luxury have for softer, weaker natures.

She hesitates, and then she looks at her lover. The despair in his face conquers. Nicole stretches out both hands, and then, as Jules covers them with kisses, and draws her to his breast, the girl's heart sinks—a strange chill foreboding flits across her like a breath of winter.

VI.

HENRIETTE DE LAUNAY, the lame aunt of Nicole Barrière, still lives in the parlour of the baker's shop, within a hundred yards of the *Hôtel du Quai*; but though she is so near her niece, and though she works at the hotel, they seldom meet.

Nicole has been married a year; but since the first few weeks of her marriage there has been an end of confidence between the aunt and niece. Nicole has grown much graver and older looking; and yet she says the cares of her household are not too much for her; that, on the contrary, they amuse her. But Henriette cannot define the cloud that has come between her and her beloved Nicole; the girl used never to be reserved with her—although in *Caudebec* she was called cold and proud. Rumours, too, reach Henriette, which make her anxious and desponding about her darling's happiness and yet she must suffer her anxiety in silence. Once or twice she has spoken about Jules, and the set look on the young wife's face, the determined avoidance of

the topic, have shown Henriette that the subject is not a safe one. Madame Vagnon never comes to Caudebec; and her daughter is so cheerful in her frequent visits to the Maison Blanche that when the mother-in-law talks of Jules it is evident he is a great favourite.

But Henriette, simple as she is, has lived too long in her little world to believe all the gossip that reaches her. It is not so much that which she hears as that which she sees which disquiets her of late.

It is September now. She sees Jules Barrière start off for a shooting expedition with some of his noisy friends—more often alone with Floris Mercœur; and she notices that days pass before he returns. Lately too, after the evening *table d'hôte*, at which he presides, she sees him come with a flushed face and chat with Francine, the girl to whom the town talk of Caudebec had assigned him before he met with Nicole Vagnon.

Henriette is sorely puzzled. "I can do nothing," says the poor lame woman. Her accident has made her visits to the Maison Blanche few and far between, for she walks lame on both feet now. "If I tell Augustine, she will only disbelieve and laugh; or if in her heart she believes, I shall only make her unhappy, for she could never speak of it to Nicole."

She sat in her parlour in the dusk, her busy hands now idle in her lap. She had just seen Francine go out of the shop to speak to some one—and she believed it was to Jules.

"How dare she?" Henriette's pale cheeks flamed for an instant. "Oh, my poor Nicole! He has been here every night since Sunday, and as he goes home I can see by his walk that he has been drinking; he comes here, the good-for-nothing, because he is ashamed to meet the eyes of my good innocent Nicole. Well, I shall disturb him to-night; he shall see what I think of his goings on—if he is sober enough to understand me."

But by the time her slow limping steps had reached the door, she heard Francine say, "*A demain.*"

"But no"—the man's thick utterance shocked Henriette. "I go out to-morrow for a day's fishing, and I shall be tired after the *table d'hôte.*"

"*Bien,*" the insolent assurance in the girl's tone again stirred Henriette's wrath. "Say rather, when we come home we must be good and go straight to our wife; is it not so?"

Francine laughed, she turned suddenly

into the shop, and met the lame woman face to face.

"How dare you?" said Henriette, moved entirely out of her usual patient sweetness, "You, an unmarried girl—what right have you to receive the visits of Jules Barrière?"

Francine broke into a peal of ringing laughter.

"*Comment!*" she said contemptuously; but in her heart she was glad that there was so little light left. "If I stand at the door for a little fresh air this warm evening, and a friend goes by, I may not then exchange a few words as he passes without asking permission from Mam'selle de Launay!" She made a mocking courtesy, and pushed rudely by the lame woman.

"*Ma foi!*" Henriette clasped her thin hands together. "It is well for your mother, Francine, that she did not live to hear you!"

She stood at the open door, looking out over the river; the broad light of the September moon fell across, and made a silver highway from one bank to the other, broken by a broad line of ripples; it was far lighter on the river and on the Quai than it was close to the baker's shop.

A voice came out of the darkness beside Henriette.

"*Bon soir, mam'selle;* it is too early for the *mascaret* and it will be a finer one to-morrow than to-night."

Henriette started.

"I had forgotten the *mascaret*, my boy," she said sadly. "I shall be glad when it is over; it always makes me fear."

"*Dame!*" said Pierre Tretin, "but there is no danger—because every one in Caudebec knows that at the season when the *barre* is strong no boat can live. Well, good night, mam'selle, your fear will soon be over; to-morrow is the last day of the *mascaret* for this year."

Henriette stood watching the water while the boy passed on into the darkness.

"I must see my poor Nicole to-morrow; and yet what good can I do? I dare not show her my sympathy, for I believe she still loves Jules."

VII.

NICOLE BARRIÈRE has grown older looking; it is difficult to believe that only a year ago she was Nicole Vagnon; there are lines across her broad low forehead, and even round her wide expressive mouth; expressive just now of pain, as

she stands with her lips firmly pressed together. She draws up her tall well-developed figure and looks from her kitchen window into the long narrow courtyard. Some one is coming through the entrance gateway.

She has just set her *pot-au-feu* on the stove, and she has no excuse to hinder her from going out to meet her aunt Henriette, for it is she who comes limping down the yard. But Nicole has no welcoming smile. She sighs wearily as she moves to the door.

"Come in and sit down," she says, and then she makes an excuse to leave her visitor. She has collars and cuffs, she says, and some lace, too, which aunt Henriette must look at. "They all want mending, *ma tante*, and I will go and fetch them."

She comes down with these, and there is some talk over them, and then comes a pause.

Henriette clears her throat nervously. "Thy husband is out, Nicole?" she says at last.

"Yes," Nicole speaks gravely; not in the careless way in which she has hitherto parried her aunt's questions. "He has gone to fish beyond Caudebecquet."

Henriette tries to think of something to say; no subject will come to her but that of Jules, and Nicole's set determined look shows her that she may not speak of her husband.

Henriette gets up to go at last. She is both unwilling and unhappy.

"Well, adieu then, my child — my good Nicole." She feels that she must make one effort for confidence. "I wish I could see thee more cheerful, my child."

"I am always grave at this time of day," Nicole smiles. "You would be so too, *ma tante*, if you had two *tables d'hôte* to plan; and they will be extra full to-day — so many people came in this morning to see the *flot*. I hear it rose very high."

"I heard it," says Henriette, "but I do not look at it; I fear it; and then she gives her niece a long lingering look.

Nicole goes forward and opens the door opposite the kitchen. Two women are already ironing at a narrow table, and another close by the stove is ready for Henriette, who works two days a week at the Hôtel du Quai.

"Poor dear woman," Nicole sighs, "she thinks I do not know what she wants." Nicole's face looks set again, but not from any violence of self-restraint. She has no wish to confide in any one but her

husband. "And that is impossible." Nicole sighs heavily as she tells herself this long-known truth, and goes back eagerly to her duties.

But the lame woman's emotion and wistful look stir Nicole strangely to-day. When first she discovered that her influence over Jules was merely personal, that as soon as she was out of sight her words and wishes were forgotten or powerless to control him, the poor girl felt the despair that comes to a proud loving nature. "I must die!" she said in her anguish. This was the first thought, soon checked, soon trampled on; and then sprang the idea which ever since had been the dominant principle of Nicole's daily life — to uphold her husband to all, and to try to hide his failings, even from herself. Once or twice she has spoken to him, briefly but bitterly. Nicole loves truth even better than she loves Jules, and she did not think of wounding her husband when she attacked his besetting sin; her directness made her seem to Jules intentionally reproachful.

"Thou art much too good for me," he said, and he went away and left her.

"I have killed his love," the girl thought.

To-day all this comes back strongly. It happened several months ago. Nicole sees so little of her husband now, that she never embitters the few minutes he bestows on her by a word of complaint. She has tried of late to fling herself more and more into her life of daily cares and duties; but she has miscalculated her own nature. There are women to whom household matters, dress, gossip even, become all-absorbing employments, and with this type of women love is always secondary; they can be a great deal more to husband and children than such women as Nicole can be, in many ways, but they can never be so much with regard to the power of their love.

And this strong love, which lately she has been folding closely to her heart, stirs itself strangely to-day.

"I am too supine," she says passionately. "I will speak out. I will ask Jules to leave Caudebec, and separate forever from his evil companions, and begin a fresh life alone with me."

The resolve awakens her. She moves about more briskly; she looks like the old Nicole again. Lately she has looked forward with dread to her husband's return; now to-night seems long to wait for.

Jules has said he shall be home at

seven o'clock for the *table d'hôte*. At eight Nicole comes down the long narrow yard, with the stables on one side and the carriage-shed on the other, and stands under the arched entrance. A little white puppy, as fat and as round as a sucking-pig, gambols at her feet, but she does not notice him.

It is nearly the first time that Jules has gone out to fish alone, and it is quite the first time that he has been unpunctual when he promised to return.

Nicole's heart throbs with a new cold fear. "Has anything happened?" she says at first, with a doubtful undefined dread. Standing in the fast growing darkness, the young mistress of the *Hôtel du Quai*, outwardly so calm and cold-looking, is busy painting a picture. And then the dread shapes itself.

She sees an old half-timbered mill, with a black wheel lumbering round; from this a bright stream of sparkles dashes and gurgles on to a heap of moss-grown stones, and then flows peacefully between two high steep green banks. On one bank, the nearest to the road, there are tall poplar-trees, and under these a man lies asleep. His fishing-rod floats idly on the water, and an empty bottle lies on the bank. Nicole gazes and gazes with the intense strain a mental picture calls up, and it seems to her that the man's figure slips — yes — yes! it has slipped again! — it is gradually slipping into the mill-stream!

She gives a short sharp cry, and looks round. Then she puts her hand up to her forehead. "Why do I stand here frightening myself?" she says. "I will go and meet Jules; he will perhaps leave his boat at Caudebecquet, and walk home. If I keep close by the river I shall see him either way."

Just before the river curves again, as if taking its leave of Caudebecquet, there is beside it a large bit of low-lying ground, which each year becomes less and less submerged, and which will before long grow into *terra firma*. As Nicole stands on the bank above, looking down on it, it has the appearance of a marsh; it is low tide, but the numberless little channels which vein its surface are still partly filled with water, in which the tall reeds mirror themselves. A tongue of firm land stretches out into the river, and on this stands a small white tower; beside it is a brick cottage, the dwelling-place of the lighthouse-keeper of the Seine. There is light still on the grey still water — light enough to show the

long lines of marsh stretching in weird fashion till they are lost in the pale cold-looking river.

"I should not like to be the lighthouse-keeper," Nicole thinks. Already a faint light twinkles in the white tower, and she remembers, as she stands gazing downwards, that the little red-brick house has been nearly swept away, spite of its strong construction, by the fury of the *flot*.

Nicole goes on slowly; the last time she came along this road was just before her marriage. She has seldom let her thoughts stray back to that dreadful evening; to-night, the memory of that meeting with Jules beside the chapel of *Barre-y-Va* grows painfully vivid. She may, even now, meet Jules in the same condition.

"He will not think of rowing home," she says.

She looks onwards. Beyond the lighthouse the river curves, and makes a tiny bay; just below the old mill there is a little landing-place with posts, and Nicole knows that this is where Jules moors his boat. She strains her eyes to see if the boat is lying there to-night. No, there is nothing. She is at some distance off, but her sight is keen, quickened too by a fast-growing fear. The river looks more pale and weird now, as it broadens at the curve, and ripples deeply into low-lying willow-fringed meadows on the farther bank. As Nicole looks across, it seems to her that something moves on the pale water. She leans forward and gazes yet more intently.

Yes! there is no dream here! A boat lies in the midst of the river. Jules' boat, doubtless, and he is in it. Nicole's hands clasp together, and she strains her sight on the boat — there is a human figure there, but she cannot be sure that it is Jules.

Nicole puts both hands to her mouth, and shouts shrilly through them across the water:

"Jules! Jules! it is I — Nicole! Come back to land. I want thee."

She has no definite fear — only the dread that Jules is not quite master of himself, and that the boat may drift in among the reeds, and he may be forced to stay all night on the river.

"Jules! Jules!" she cries out louder. Her words bring a dull echo from the wooded hill behind her — an echo that sounds mocking.

"Jules!" Nicole begins more vehemently; but she stops. A sudden horrible dread stays her tongue, as if palsy

had smitten it; a grey hue, like that on the weird river, spreads over her face; the only sign of life she gives is to stretch out both arms wildly towards Caudebec, as if she were pointing out a coming danger.

And so she is.

A low murmur—far off at first, but swelling like a blast of wind, louder and louder every moment, comes on towards her. Nicole's eyes have left the boat, they are fixed on the river below Caudebec. The roar of rushing water grows louder and deeper, and still Nicole gazes in rapt silence.

All at once, she flings up her arms wildly.

"Jules! Jules!" she shrieks. "It is there!—the *flot*!"

The roar sounds like thunder. Nicole's eyes, still strained as far as sight can reach, see the river rise up from its grey weird stillness, as if it were leaving its bed, and then on it comes, rolling in one wide sweeping wave, more than six feet in height—dashing stones and spray with fury up the banks on either side, leaping up high in clouds of foam, which seem to fill the air with the fierce roar of the flood—till it dashes, a huge mass nearly twenty feet high, against the little lighthouse. Another wave follows in thundering fury, and then another sweeps past Nicole up the river. The seething furious water comes flooding over the marsh till the Seine looks twice its width—a boiling, foaming tempest of waters.

The fury of the *flot* has held Nicole breathless; but as the last wave rushes by her voice comes back. She shrieks her husband's name, she dashes madly forward into the angry water—still lashing and foaming, though with already decreasing force.

The cold chill brings back her senses. Nicole looks round with wide-opened eyes, for help. But she is quite alone. The water flows too widely and too deeply between her and the house of the lighthouse-keeper for help to come from thence. She can only hurry on to Caudebecquet. The village lies behind the hill beside her, but to reach it she must go on to the little creek and round by the mill-stream.

Nicole hurries on fast; her heart throbs yet with lingering hope. The boat may not have been Jules'; that is perhaps safe at the landing-place. She turns abruptly out of the path and runs down to where the posts stood. She remembers as she goes how happy she and Jules have

been here and at the old mill, in the week following their marriage. Nicole's heart is too full already. At this memory it feels like to burst.

"*Mon Dieu!*"—she clasps her hands—"help me to find my Jules!"

The roar of the flood has quieted, the water is fast regaining calm; it seems as if the clouds follow the passage of the dreaded *flot*; the sky is clearing overhead, there is far more light than when Nicole started from Caudebec. The flood has dashed up the bank; the moist ground yields like a sponge to Nicole's foot as she treads its oozing slope, and peers down into the creek to make sure the boat is really gone.

Yes, the creek is empty; but what is that she sees?—a broken oar, flung up by the flood and caught against the farthest post—and beyond it—Nicole does not cry or shriek—only her eyes, distended as if they never more would close—only her lips, parted, yet pressed close to the glittering teeth—tell that she gazes on some strangely fearful sight.

Lying where the flood has dashed him—bruised, bleeding, is Jules Barrière. Nicole bends down and looks. He is white as death. She flings herself down beside him—she clasps one arm round his neck, and then her shrieks ring out loud enough to be heard, even at the mill.

For the touch has told Nicole the truth. She may summon help to bear Jules to Caudebec, but no help will evermore bring back to life her erring husband.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
NEEDLEWORK.

THE idea of placing Needlework amongst the Fine Arts, in the present age, when costliness is the standard by which the merit of art-work is too often gauged, will strike some people, perhaps, as ridiculous. To show, however, that Needlework has a claim to estimation as an art is the aim of this paper.

Little, if any, interest has been given to this subject of late years, although all other classes of art-objects have been sought after and collected. To be sure, amateurs are fond of including in their collections fragments of ancient church vestments and embroideries. These invariably command a respect, and it would never do to pass them by. They are rather difficult of acquisition, and amongst *bric-à-brac* they serve as curious and pic-

turesque diversions from the more solid objects. But as for the other productions of the needle, scarcely anything is known or cared about them. It so happens that heirlooms preserved at country seats are extant, and that there are a few genuine and Catholic amateurs who have collected needlework specimens other than the ecclesiastical relics above mentioned. Thus an energetic committee of royal and noble ladies found works of the needle of sufficient number and variety to be collected, and shown at the South Kensington Museum, and to be further dignified by the title of "Special Loan Exhibition of Decorative Art Needlework." New interest will surely be now created in the subject. Certain it is, that visitors to this Exhibition—which will remain open for a month or so longer—will not fail to be struck by the diversity of uses to which the needle has been put, as exemplified by the many cases full of well-designed and harmoniously-coloured specimens. There are works which appeal to the sympathies of the antiquary, the ecclesiastic, the historian, the artist, the humorist, the working man, and even the millionaire. Others, who do not come under any of these categories, will look at what pleases them; for it is unquestionable that they will find something to tickle their fancies. Without offending hot-headed "patriots," republicans, and supporters of the proletariat, we may record how diligently the Princess Christian and the Princess Mary of Teck, with their Committee of Ladies, have worked for the benefit and enlightenment of their fellow-creatures in the formation of the Needlework Exhibition. The Government is to be congratulated upon having obtained this valuable and friendly aid in promoting art-education. Loan Exhibitions like the present one are, from many considerations, to be encouraged. They are the means of bringing together, for the instruction and delectation of all classes, treasures which frequently remain hidden in lumber rooms, or else are only brought out occasionally for the gratification of a few favoured friends of the possessor. In truth, these Exhibitions unite the rich and the poor, to the intellectual and commercial benefit of the community.

But we must no longer delay dealing with needlework. In the early English needlework, or embroidery, a certain regularity of stitch was maintained. There were no cobbings or untidy finishings off. Work undertaken was con-

scientiously carried out. A certain style of stitch would be adopted for a piece of work, and it was adhered to. Mixtures of stitches, when necessary, were cautiously used. Hence it is, that ecclesiastical embroideries on vestments of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries can almost always be *classified* according to the style of stitch. The persons who wrought them were devotees to their occupation, and to them time was no object. However, towards the end of the fifteenth century a degeneracy in work commenced, and specimens dating from about this period show that the artistic pliers of the needle did not despise the use of subterfuges in cases of difficulty. Whereas in southern countries the Renaissance of art had taken place, its influence had not penetrated England. Thus English work of this time is hybrid in character and poor in execution. The troublous times of the Wars of the Roses evidently intercepted the peaceful progress of art; but when comparative calm was restored, a kind of sampler-work and raised or stuffed work came into vogue, more hideous than can be imagined. From this date English needlework ran riot; and it is absurd for people to try now to create a fictitious admiration for the bulky and awkward scrawlings of crewel or worsted-work, over which it is the fashion to fall into rhapsodies. That home-products were not highly valued, is patent from the fact that the houses of the rich were bedecked, by preference, with rich Oriental, Italian, and French works. And of such is formed the largest section in the Exhibition. Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, English needlework became worse and worse. Ignorant, grotesque, and certainly amusing renderings of mythological and scriptural events were worked in the "stuffed" style upon work-boxes, book-covers, and looking-glass frames. The climax of the art may be found in the feeble long-stitch portraits, in floss silk, of "Lavinia" and "Amanda," and in the clever imitation etchings by Miss Linwood; of which, however, the less said the better. A few exceptions to the general badness of style existed in certain quiltings executed by gentlewomen, generally in imitation of Oriental designs.

In describing the more marked specimens of the collection at South Kensington, it seems useful to briefly point out the peculiarity of certain stitches; and to this end we propose to deal with the old Latin-named classifications. The "opus

plumarium" was the term given to feather-stitch work, resembling in character the long and satin stitches of the present day. According to the late Canon Rock, a learned authority upon all kinds of woven and embroidered fabrics, "the stitches were laid down, never across, but longwise, and so put together that they seemed to overlap one another like the feathers in the plumage of the bird." Work done after the manner of Berlin wool-work, either in "cross," "cushion," "tent," or such-like stitches, was called "opus pulvinarium." Weaving does not come within our scope; it will be sufficient, therefore, to dismiss without further notice its imitation, by saying that it was called the "opus pectineum," or comb-work, which has now been entirely supplanted by machine weaving. The "opus consutum" included all kinds of "cut," or *appliqué* work. Lately there has been a mild revival, called "sabrina," of this work. But sabrina, or rather such specimens as we have seen, appears to be a work without principle. There certainly is nothing beyond the most amateurish sentiment to be found in it, and none of the vigorous characteristics of *cinq-cento appliqué* work are traceable. The last class mentioned by Canon Rock is the "opus Anglicum." This is found solely in ecclesiastical embroideries of ancient date, and examples of it are scarce. Its execution entailed much careful labour. It was a "chain"-stitch, and "we find that for the human face . . . the first stitches were begun in the centre of the cheek, and worked in circular, not straight lines, into which, however, after the further side had been made, they fell, and were so carried on through the rest of the flesh; in some instances through the figures — draperies and all." A kind of relief, or modelling, was then imparted to figures done in this manner, by pressing "with a little thin iron rod, ending in a small, smooth knob, slightly heated," the centres or commencing points in the cheeks, throat, &c.

Besides these five classes of stitches, there are fine stitches, which are classed as "point-lace" stitches. But lace is a subject to be treated apart from needle-work simple. Nearly every kind of embroidery may be ranked under one or other of the classes above named. In specimens of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries one finds, especially in Italian coverlids, curtains, &c., a picturesque and effective element introduced

by means of floss silk, laid and held down by diapers, or crossings of ordinary stitching. This kind of work possibly was suggested by the "couchings," or treatments of the golden threads or "passings," in church vestments, about which a useful book, by Miss Anastasia Dolby, has been published. The employment of gold threads for embroidery forms a class by itself, which is quite distinct from the classes we have enumerated. Those classes may be taken to refer to the needlework executed in fine threads, silks, worsted, &c. Canon Rock completely exhausts the subject of gold-work in connection with the adornment of vestments. Its use is of very early origin. The Phrygians were noted for their skill in the use of gold for the ornamentation of garments of all kinds. On panels of gold, pictures and ornaments were wrought in coloured silks. These panels were applied to the robes of the rich and to the vestments of the priests. The embroiderer was known as the "Phrygio," and his work as the "Phrygium." Canon Rock says that from "auriphrygium" is derived our own word "orphrey." It must, however, be borne in mind that the mediæval word "orfrais," or "orfrey," has a different etymology. That comes from "aurifrisium." The "aurifrisium" was the golden border, or fringe, to garments; and Chaucer, in his "Romaunt of the Rose," when describing the appearance of Gladnesse, says —

Of orfraies fresh was her garland,
I which scene have a thousand.

"Orfraies" surrounded the old circular ecclesiastical vestments, the form of which at a later date, for convenience to the wearer, was modified by cutting out pieces at the sides. The gold panel-pictures which adorn the back and front of the vestment are the "orphreys." In some cases these panel-decorations are similar both in style and material to the border or "orfrey." They may then be termed *portions of the orfrey*. Some logomacs say that these words (*orphrey* and *orfrey*) are the same, and that the loose manner of spelling in the Middle Ages accounts for the substitution of the "ph" for the "f," and *vice versa*. To our thinking, however, both words, *orfrey*, *aurifrisium*, and *orphery*, *auriphrygium* are distinct, although in usage they appear to be nearly related. *Orfrey* signifies a gold fringe, or gold border. At the present time the accepted technical

term for the border of the vestment is the "orfrey;" and this is used whether the border be of gold or coloured silks. *Orphrey* applies to a gold panel or strip upon which a picture has been embroidered.

To come now to the Collection itself; the arrangement should be regarded as more popular than technical or learned. Ecclesiastical vestments form a large and interesting class. Specimens of the various kinds of work alluded to are included in it. No. 5 is a red velvet covering or facing for a cloister-desk, the decoration and embroidery of which may advantageously be studied. The subject-embroideries are executed by sewing fine silken threads over the gold cords. A subdued, sun-like gorgeousness is imparted to them. The main portion of the cover is simple velvet, with the gold thread sewn, to form a bold diapered ground. This specimen is indeed a splendid work of art, complete at all points, and its value is enhanced by the care with which it has been preserved. It possesses an historical interest as well, the Emperor Charles the Fifth having presented it to the Monastery of Juste, whither he retired to devote the last days of his life to religious meditations and exercises. Sir Piers Mostyn lends No. 11, under which are comprised a Chasuble, Dalmatic, and Tunicle of Italian work. The *orfreys* and *orphreys* are in magnificent condition, and make resplendent grounds for figures and ornaments, done by the fine silk-thread sewing round the golden cords, and after the manner of the "opus plumarium." The gold cords, or "passings," exemplify various rich forms of couching. Canon Rock highly esteemed these three vestments, and gave them an exalted rank amongst works of their class. The English specimens contributed from Oscott College by Dr. Northcote have a picturesqueness which is pleasing after the sumptuous Italian and German vestments. But a good deal of so-called restoration is evident in these English works, and is to be regretted, since the general sombre and rich effect is marred by the patches of rankly-coloured and rather coarsely-wrought floss-silk layings. The finest specimen of "opus Anglicum" is the grand cope formerly belonging to the Monastery of Syon, and now the property of the nation. This, although in the South Kensington Museum, has not been placed in the Loan Collection, in which but one or two specimens of

this rare class, "opus Anglicum," may be seen. Of this work, No. 3, lent by the Marquis of Bute, has been capitally preserved. It is dated 1369, and at the foot of the orphrey the coat-of-arms of John Grandison, Bishop of Exeter, is emblazoned. The new velvet upon which the work is mounted as a background is, however, harsh in tone for so ancient and faded a piece of work.

The second class is devoted to work which has an historical interest. The *mélange* of styles, periods, and materials is amusing, and brushes up one's history. It does not, however, afford much instruction in stitchery. The Pall (No. 53) belonging to the Fishmongers' Company, a work of the fourteenth century, is the best piece of embroidery; although the student of history will find, perhaps, greater interest in No. 51, which is a small square cut out of the cushion upon which Charlemagne laid the finger of St. Luke, when he presented that precious relic to the Archbishop Magnus of Lens. The quaint gold dragons suggest a later period than the ninth century, and the sceptical will accept the romance *cum grano salis*. If the work be woven, it has no right to a place amongst needlework. In charity, however, and in consideration of the excellent tradition which accompanies the small specimen, we presume that it comes under the class of "opus pectineum." With perfect fairness "eighteen pieces of Baby Linen, made by Princess Elizabeth for Queen Mary" (No. 16) — or, as the original label describes them, "some of ye childbed things, made when Queen Mary was thought to be with child" — occupy a position as works of the needle, although they possess no merit as decorative artwork. The little jackets or shirts, shoes, and mittens, are evidences of the affectionate prescience and diligence of Princess Elizabeth for her sister. But since the "little stranger" never appeared, the minute garments were not used. So they were put away, and have been preserved with a cap, satin shoes, pouches, &c. (61 to 66), at Ashridge, where the Princess was residing, when under the influence of jealousy Queen Mary despatched three gallant commissioners "to repair to Ashridge and bring the Lady Elizabeth to court, quick or dead." Hurried off in this manner, the Lady Elizabeth naturally forgot many of her belongings; hence these relics were left behind. And now, through the kindness of Countess Brownlow, they have been exhibited. Taylor,

the water-poet, in his praises of the needle, records of Elizabeth that—

When she a maide had many troubles past,
From jayle to jayle by Mary's angry spleene,
And Woodstocke and the Tower in prison
past,

And after all was England's peerlesse Queen,
Yet, howsoever sorrow came or went,

She made the Needle her companion still,
And in that exercise her time she spent

As many living yet do know her skill.

Thus she was still a captive, or else crowned
A Needlewoman Royal and Renowned.

This account of Elizabeth is curiously appropriate to passages in latter days of her cousin, Mary Queen of Scots, who, by "Elizabeth's angry spleene," was sent from "jayle to jayle." But Mary's work was of an ambitious kind, as the dilapidated evidences (Nos. 54, 55, and 56)—a chair, a work-box, and a basket—testify. These have been removed, by the gracious permission of the Queen, from Holyrood, where, during her imprisonment, Mary is said to have been "sedulously employed with her needle; and tradition speaks of several elegant productions of her industry," not to mention certain little tent-stitch satires, in one of which Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth is represented as a "catte" while a mouse personates her powerless cousin, Mary. We may now turn to the handiwork of a very different lady, "a woman of masculine understanding and conduct, proud, furious, selfish, and unfeeling; a builder, a buyer and seller of estates, a money-lender, a farmer, and a merchant of lead, coals and timber;" and withal, though not so chronicled, a clever needlewoman. We mean Bess of Hardwicke. In the collection there are four or five pieces of careful tent-stitch-work, in which the monogram "E.S." (Elizabeth Shrewsbury) figures. No. 69, a version of the Fall of Phaeton, is the least damaged of this great lady's work. One of the unfortunate Charles I.'s many shirts is lent by the Duchess of Richmond. The fine insertions at the seams of pretty point stitches do not offer suggestions to the fashionmongers of the present day, and we hardly fancy that a revolution in modern male dress will be effected for the sake of displaying such feminine frippery in underclothing. Lord Orford lends a pourpoint in linen, ornamented with cords and knots, and a slashed silk waistcoat, which belonged to John Carter, of Yarmouth. This gentleman was twice bailiff of that town, and was, moreover, an intimate friend of Cromwell, whose Puritan-

ism and ascetic character did not prevent his accepting invitations to fashionably-houred dinner-parties, at least so says Yarmouth tradition. At one of these, for which the company assembled at seven o'clock, Cromwell and Carter inopportunately began to talk politics; and although the result of their conversation was the determination to behead Charles, still we can scarcely believe that even this important decision compensated the poor guests for the dreary time they had to wait. It was not until 11 P.M. that dinner was served, and then probably it was overcooked or completely spoilt. A memento of the momentous sequel of the anti-prandial debate and determination is to be seen in No. 82—the star from the mantle which Charles wore on the scaffold. To his faithful servant and friend, Captain Basil Wood, the King presented this star, and it hangs on a screen at a proper distance from No. 94, a piece of gaily-coloured patchwork, executed by Anne, wife of General Fleetwood, and eldest daughter of Cromwell. Then we have velvet caparisons for the royal steed which bore King James I. to his coronation, work done by Catherine of Braganza; the pall of Henry IV. of France—a large, hideous, circular covering of black velvet, sprinkled with the insignia of the Saint Esprit; a pair of *gants de cérémonie*, which belonged to Cardinal Richelieu; rich satin and chenille embroideries, wrought for the walls of Marie Antoinette's boudoir; and a pair of silk curtains (No. 509), from the bed of George, Lord Orford, of whom it is chronicled that George II., Queen Caroline, and Sir Robert Walpole, grandfather to the young lord, stood round him while the ceremony of christening was performed, he remaining in bed. This eccentricity seems to have been a forecast of the character of his life. His Lordship was fond of doing odd things, and amongst others he used to drive four stags in Hyde Park!

We must devote the remainder of our space to describing a few of the works notable for their design and execution. Oriental embroideries, "fine linen," Rhodian and

Turkey cushions, bossed with pearls;
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,

large flowing arabesques, done in floss silk by Italians, and quiltings, form the remarkable sections.

The various uses of floss silk, and the way in which it is laid after the mode of gold couchings, display much ingenuity.

No. 380, a *portière*, or coverlid of green silk, is carried out in many cunning adaptations of cushion and tent stitches. The floss silk is laid by plain quilting-stitch, but with such devices, that on a first glance the work seems to be utterly incomprehensible and marvellous. Again, No. 374, a fine quilt—said to be of Spanish origin, since it was made for a Bishop of Toledo—is wrought in nothing more complex than long-stitch, though its appearance indicates a species of intricate chain-stitch. This quilt has been subjected, in certain parts, to the modelling of the smooth round-headed iron, whereby a flavour of the “opus Anglicum” is imparted to the work. We have not referred to any specimens of the *appliqué* class, or “opus consutum,” albeit there are several fine and instructive pieces which admirers of this kind of simple and effective work will do well to study. They will find that good flowing designs, and a careful selection of materials which harmonize in colour and kind, should be the principal considerations in doing this work. Many modern specimens are offensive, because the “applications” are patched on the groundwork without thought. The whole presents the effect of dabs of colour and material, having no relation one to the other, and no continuity to form a design. Nos. 445, 453, 454, all altar frontals, are examples of fine designs and good workmanship. Of a different section of *appliqué* is 464, which is composed of linen ornaments, beautifully cut and outlined in silk, applied to a silk canvas ground.

English quiltings are fairly represented by the productions of noble ladies, who some 150 years ago delighted in rearing silkworms, and themselves employing the unbleached silk for embroidery (see Nos. 625 and 633). By far the most wonderful pieces of quilting are two large coverlids, or *portières*—one shown by Mr. Montague Guest (619), and one by Mr. Beresford Hope (619A). They are quiltings executed in millions of red and yellow silk-stitches on white ground, displaying ornaments and figures in outline only. Mr. Guest's specimen bears the arms of Arragon and Leon in the centre, whilst along the border are representations of *fêtes*, hunting parties, a concert, and a fleet. The harmony of effect imparted to the entire surface by the use of the two colours, yellow and red, is most rich and admirable. Mr. Beresford Hope's *portière* of the same work has not been so fortunately preserved: the colours have

faded, and parts are worn. On this is represented the storming of Goa by the Portuguese, whose broad-muzzled culverins are executing havoc in the Indian fleet. Aware of the danger of the situation, the Rajah—distinguished by the semicircular cut of his skirt—may be descried giving instructions. Gathered together next him are his retinue and elephants. The water-carrier, or *blestie*, is preparing for an emergency, should water be unprocureable on the flight, by filling his cart-tanks; while the *Bangy-wallah* has commenced his departure, laden with treasures. Round the border are various Portuguese nobles, for one of whom it is probable that the quilt was executed by some native workman at Goa.

At the present time, although sewing machines execute all the quiltings required, it would not be possible for them to produce the quality of work which the two quilts above mentioned possess. The evident freedom of the work, and the slight irregularities of stitch, produce a quality not to be obtained by purely mechanical means. And these remarks provoke a mention of the very clever imitations of satin-stitch embroidery produced by the Jacquard loom. In this instance, however, the imitation lacks the character and quality of the hand-made embroideries. And such must be the case. Mechanically-produced articles cannot possess the “spirituality” of hand-work—if the expression may be allowed.

For perfection of workmanship and of design, so far as surface-decoration is concerned, we turn to the Oriental satin-embroidered hangings. The gorgeousness of these specimens generally, and especially of those lent by Lord De L'Isle and Dudley (609), and by Countess Brownlow (594, 578, 595, 598, 601), is most satisfactory. So, also, is the Portuguese white-satin coverlid, on which a bold floriated pattern, surrounding the circular device of the Austrian eagle, is worked in rich gold couchings, judiciously outlined with crimson silk thread. The velvet embroideries are fine works, and also show varieties of gold couchings. Excellent tambour work on linen (436, 437) recalls the designs of the mosaic-work on the Taj at Agra. The *couvrepiéd* (433) is a coarse piece of embroidery, and has no claim to a place in the collection except for its curious figures, and a kind of historical character given to it by the arms of Leon and Castille, with the motto on the border, “Viva Don Carlos III. por la Gracia de Ds Rey

de Castilla, de Leon, de Arragon, de las dos Sicilas," &c.

In fine and clever stitchery the Persians excel. The style of work in the four pieces numbered 346 is unsurpassable; and it is satisfactory to know that a competent tent-stitcher could execute with ease similar work. The general tone of colour and graceful designs of these clothes-napkins — for such is the use made of them by ladies of the Harem — are superior to those of any other four specimens in the collection. No. 555 is a very remarkable work. It is a rich yellow-satin ground, embroidered with ornamental patches of close and small layings of blue and red floss silks, edged with similar coloured cords. Time has given to this specimen a delicate and beautiful complexion. At first sight, one thinks the patches are applied. They are not, however; since the embroidery passes to the back, and displays fine and thorough needlework. Of a simpler style of work, but very Oriental in character, is No. 324, called, we suspect erroneously, "Venetian" fine linen table-cloth. The ends are embroidered in silk of delicate hues, which harmonize most seductively. This work, "*sans envers*," is alike on both sides. The stitching "*au passé*" is arranged in horizontal and perpendicular lines, which gives a pleasing vivacity to the general design. Red-silk embroidery on linen, cut and drawn, is well represented, and should inspire dainty needleworkers. It is impossible to continue these jottings without considerably overlapping the necessary limits of this paper, a temptation which the charming inexhaustibility of cunning art and work to be discovered in the collection renders hard to resist. Still these brief notes may, we hope, increase the interest in art needlework.

And, in conclusion, we may add that many institutions in various stages of existence are established in London for promoting the practice of the art. It will be greatly to their advantage if their promoters and supporters will give a little serious attention to the fine collection of needlework which we have somewhat hastily discussed. Very many useful hints may be obtained, if those who go to study will thoroughly convince themselves that they know little or nothing of the art, and commence their investigations entirely *de novo*. It is foolish for the fluent talker, who imagines himself to be a connoisseur, but who is really an airy empiric, to give utterance to meaningless

criticisms, by way of impressing his misguided friends with the profundity of his art-knowledge. The twaddle which flows with facility from such an one is at once wearying and aggravating. He has contrived to infuse into his brain a muddle of technicalities which flavour his talk; but nothing can be more dangerous to the progress of the would-be art-student than the vacuous talk of *quasi* professors, who, by the aid of the ladder of humbug, have attained a false eminence amongst the *dilettanti* in art matters.

From Saint Pauls.

CALDERON'S SACRED DRAMAS.*

THE PURGATORY OF S. PATRICK.

THE religious plays of Calderon occupy a middle place between his "Autos," or dramatized sacred allegories, and his secular theatre. They resemble this last in their treatment of their subject though that subject itself is nearly allied to the theme of the first named. That is to say that in his sacred drama (properly so called) Calderon pursues the same religious purpose as in his "Autos," but by more ordinary and by more worldly means. He does not call us in it to breathe that atmosphere of faith and love, untroubled by the mists of earth, which surrounds us in the "Autos." He bids us gaze up to heaven, but he places near us many objects which draw our glances downwards—at least till the play is nearly ended. One great thought rules the "Auto" of Calderon from its opening until its close; many strive with it for the pre-eminence in his sacred drama. The heroes and heroines of his plays of this class remind us much of their counterparts in his other works, whereas the personages of the "Autos" are abstract types—Grace and the Virtues revealed in bodily shape to the admiring gaze, representations of suffering Human Nature and of her great Deliverer. In the "Auto" the buffoon (*gracioso*) intrudes now and then, but suitably apparelled as *Free-will* gone astray, or as *Innocence* perverted into *Malice*. But he disports himself as fearlessly in the religious as in

* 1. Las Comedias de Calderon. 2. Calderon's Dramas ("The Wonder-working Magician," "Life is a Dream," "The Purgatory of S. Patrick"), translated by D. F. MacCarthy. London: H. S. King & Co. 3. Three Dramas of Calderon (including "Devotion of the Cross"), by D. F. MacCarthy. Dublin: W. B. Kelly, 8 Grafton Street.

the secular drama of Calderon : making jokes and telling funny stories just before a martyrdom or a celestial vision, as freely as does his brother clown amidst assignations and duels. So that while the "Auto" raises us at once to stand with Dante and his two poet-friends on the blissful summit of the Purgatorial Mount,

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ;

in the sacred drama we are yet labouring up the hill-side to reach it, as Dante and Virgil did, with the sins and sorrows of earth still echoing round us. Thus even Calderon's religious plays stand related to his "Autos" somewhat as do the third and fourth books of the "Faëry Queen" to the first and second, or as does the "Gerusalemme Liberata" to the "Divina Commedia." They are more easily understood, but theirs is a less lofty strain of poetry ; they can engage the interest of a larger circle, but they make a less frequent and less earnest appeal to our noblest faculties. Yet, on the other hand, they possess the "warmth and colour" which the "Auto," with its "fine severity of perfect light," lacks. And, though some of Calderon's saints are in rather conventional attitudes, and his sinners painted with an unnatural excess of blackness, there is no question that the eye finds relief in looking at their substantial forms after the prolonged gaze at the shifting shadows of metaphysical entities which play before it with perplexing brightness in the "Autos." Nor can we wish for a better specimen of Calderon's fertile and versatile genius, if we must select one class amongst his many different classes of plays, than his sacred drama. There are besides fine tragedies, such as "The Physician of his Honour" and "The Alcalde de Zalamea ;" skilfully constructed comedies, like "The Fairy Lady" and "Silence is Best ;" imaginative plays ; * classic fables dramatized, as "Perseus and Andromeda ;" historic pictures both of earliest and latest date, commencing with the mythical "Semi-ramis," to end with the cotemporary "Siege of Breda ;" romances placed on the stage, drawn alike from the tales of chivalry which inspired Ariosto and from the primitive pages of Heliodorus. But in nearly each of these varied styles of dramatic composition an Englishman, at

least, can scarcely avoid an involuntary comparison with that supreme genius who commended his soul to God at Stratford when Calderon was about to begin his long and prosperous career at Madrid.* "Othello," "Twelfth Night," "The Tempest," "Troilus and Cressida," "Henry the Fourth," "Romeo and Juliet," did they stand alone, were there no "Hamlet," no "Macbeth," no "Lear" in the background, would each outweigh singly Calderon's most numerous and most successful productions of their respective class. The rich, trim garden, with its luscious scents and well-ordered flowers, with the shrubs hiding its boundary wall so well, and the alleys corresponding to one another with such exact symmetry, cannot (according to Trench's good simile) give us the delight of the grand foreground of majestic oaks opening glades up which the fairies sport, with rock and ravine behind them ; or of torrent and lake, over which snow-crowned peaks tower, while the blue sea is revealed through the wild mountain gorges to give the mind a sense of infinity.

It is only when Calderon stands on sacred ground that he fails to provoke in our minds an involuntary and invidious comparison. His terrible "Absalom" need not fear to be set beside the Old Testament dramas of Racine and Metastasio. His martyr-plays show well by the "Polyeucte" of Corneille and the "Virgin Martyr" of Massinger. This ground, for whatever reason, the mightier English genius refused to occupy ; or deferred its occupation to those last thirty years of life which he was not destined, like the kindred spirit of Sophocles, to enjoy. Here, then, Calderon presents himself to us as a typical instance of the sacred dramatist of the romantic school. The inheritor of the religious fervour which in mediæval times found rude but vigorous expression in mystery and miracle-play, surviving to our own day among the peasants of the Ammergau, he devotes to its service dramatic powers which (in their own line) have been seldom equalled, at one point never surpassed. Here, fully as much as in his secular plays, we admire that skill in the construction and unfolding of the plot, which Schiller frankly owed would, earlier studied, have saved Goethe and himself from great mistakes. Here is poured forth that wealth of beautiful imagery, that highly poetic view of

* "Life is a Dream," the play especially referred to here, will be found well translated in Mr. MacCarthy's new volume. It is one of its author's best plays.

* Calderon was sixteen the year of Shakespeare's death.

life is here apparent, which makes Calderon's world so much fairer and nobler than that of ordinary mortals. Here, too, in the space of eleven or twelve dramas appears, as in the hundred others, their wonderful writer's vast range of subject. From the days of King David to those of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, from the Cross predicted to the Cross exalted as the penitent's sole refuge, from the martyrdom of Apostle or early Christian to the defeat of the Moors by the hosts of the faithful, he seeks and finds materials to employ to the honour of the Redeemer and of his Virgin Mother. In one of these dramas we plunge into the mysteries of Hades; in another we approach the subject of Faust; in a third we feel ourselves on the brink of an abyss, terrible as that which opened before the unthinking *Œdipus*. This last, "The Devotion of the Cross," was one of its great author's earliest efforts, and exhibits to the full the defects and merits incident to juvenile performances. It shows another thing also — the degradation of the faith of Spain in the seventeenth century. The Cross, so Scripture tells us, was erected that "we, being dead unto sin, might live unto righteousness." According to the teaching of the popular tale here dramatized, it was set up in order that men might live in sin yet die the death of the righteous, as a reward for certain external acts of a mechanical devotion to its outward symbol.

For this frightful perversion of the most blessed of truths, which justly provoked Coleridge's denunciation of Roman Catholic antinomianism, we must hold the age more responsible than the young poet, to whose matured thoughts on such themes this early composition possibly bore no closer relation than did "The Robbers" of Schiller to that great man's later estimate of social and political questions. But though this play stands justly condemned by the common creed of Christians, it is well worth reading on other grounds; and we strongly recommend those to whom the original is inaccessible to study "The Devotion of the Cross" in Mr. McCarthy's very able version. Few indeed of Calderon's plays impress the mind with an equal sense of power. Who that has read it will forget how gloomy is the cloud of impending fate which hangs over its actors from the first: over the son, an outcast through his father's crime, a crime of which he is himself the destined avenger; over the father, the unwitting instrument of that

son's punishment! or how, athwart these shadows of the antique tragedy, shoot milder rays from the Christian's sun; the cross protecting the unworthy children commended to it at their birth-hour by their hapless mother, saving them from the last awful plunge into the gulf of crime, and sheltering them when they repent at last! Scenes like the one in which the wretched Julia stands between her dead brother's corpse and his living murderer (her lover, and also her unknown brother), or that in which the power of the cross puts to flight the robber who had pursued her into her convent asylum, print themselves deeply on the memory. When brother falls by his unknown brother's hand at the foot of the very cross which their father had sought to redden with their mother's blood, we feel the presence of the ancient Nemesis. When the transgressor, slain in his turn, rises from his neglected and lowly bed in the solitary ravine to receive absolution at the foot of the cross which he died invoking, and ends his life where it first began, pardoned at last and in peace, we confess a more awful yet more consoling presence than Hellenic tragedy ever dreamed of.

Akin in awe-inspiring power to this play, great in spite of its many faults, is Calderon's delineation of the darkest tragedy of David's house, in his "Absalom's Hair." Readers of Trench's charming "Essay on Calderon" will remember his account of the grandest scene of this terrible tragedy; to which, while referring persons previously unacquainted with either, we ought perhaps to add, that this fine scene is a very favourable specimen of the play, which, taken as a whole, scarcely corresponds to the expectations which that scene, singly considered, would excite. Calderon's other drama on an old Testament subject, "The Sybil of the East," is founded on the legend which made the tree which caused man's fall prove the instrument of man's redemption. Inspired by strange visions, the Queen of Sheba quits her own land to point out to King Solomon the high virtues of the tree which his temple-builders had rejected; and Calderon pours forth his accustomed streams of oriental hyperbole, to celebrate in mystic strains from her lips this first discovery, by anticipation, of the True Cross. Its recovery, in after ages, is the theme of another of his plays — "The Exaltation of the Cross." To win back that precious relic the Christian emperor, Heraclius,

leads an army against the Persian Cosrhoes ; by whom he is defeated, surrounded, and only offered life for himself and his troops on condition of their apostasy from the Faith. They reject the proposition with noble scorn, and, at their prayer, receive the help of the angelic hosts, by whose aid defeat is turned into victory, and Heraclius returns in triumph, not to either Rome, but to Jerusalem, to place the venerable wood with his own hands in the church of Constantine and Helena.

These two last plays in honour of the cross are, happily, free from the moral perverseness of their more celebrated predecessor ; although, like it, they are pervaded by a superstition which insists on confounding the outward symbol of a great truth with the truth which it represents. It is in his plays in honour of the Virgin that Calderon most grieves us : while admiring their child-like simplicity of trust and outpouring of tender and loving devotion, we cannot but feel indignant with the Church whose false teaching turned such rich streams so far from their true channel. Of these dramas, seven in number, only two are generally accessible ; though it is believed that the other five exist in manuscript. One of those published, "*Dawn in Copacabana*," is a highly imaginative account of the first conquest of Peru. The gentle natives are credited with the bravery of the Mexicans, and calumniated by being called, like them, sacrificers of human victims. The Spanish valour is exalted at their expense ; the Spanish cruelty concealed. The dismay of the Peruvians at the first sight of a ship, and the sound of cannon when the cross is borne to land and planted by an adventurous hand on their coast, leads them to seek an offering for their sun-god. The lot falls on the beautiful priestess, Guacolda, whose lover, the cacique, seeks at first to save her from the fate to which the advancing tide of misfortune forces him shortly to abandon her ; complaining, as she prepares to suffer, of the hard lot which dooms her to die for a god of whose love she feels no assurance, and who, as she says, would not die for her. Her humbler lover, Yupanqui, risks his life to save her and is doomed to die with her by the jealous cacique. But Guacolda grasps the cross, already revered by the wild beasts, to the dread of the Peruvians who marvelled at its first erection, and her foes are unable to seize her ; perishing themselves shortly after, in the victorious advance of the

Spaniards. The third, and final, act of the play opens after the lapse of many years. The Peruvians, enlightened by the Sun of Righteousness, have in great numbers forsaken the worship of the material sun. Guacolda, baptized in the name of the God who did not shrink from death for her sake, is the wife of the faithful Yupanqui. An eye-witness to the miraculous deliverance of Pizarro and his followers when, surrounded on every side by the enraged Peruvians, and, about to perish in the flames, they called on the Virgin, and she (appearing in glory amidst clouds of snow) extinguished the fires and saved them from their enemies, it is Yupanqui's eager ambition to frame her image such as he beheld her then. Night and day the poor untaught devotee labours at his pious task ; but his failure is humiliating, and the statue, after all his pains, only provokes the derision of the beholders. He tries again with fervent prayer, and as a last resource expends all his wealth in having the ill-shaped mass gilded, and so made rich, if not beautiful. A great religious ceremony is to take place next morning, in the presence of the governor of Peru, and the image, if at all worthy of the honour, is to be adopted and borne by a religious confraternity. The malevolent prepare to scoff, the well-disposed to pity, as the poor Peruvian lifts the curtain before his workshop. But what a marvel ! Angels have descended in the night, amidst hymns of joy, to retouch the image of the "*True Dawn bearing the True Sun* ;" and the Madonna and her divine Child dazzle the eyes of the awe-stricken beholders, and enrapture the faithful Yupanqui by his unhopèd-for success.

Long as is the interval between the acts of this drama, it is not greater than that which elapses in several of Shakespeare's plays. Far wider chasms are overleapt in Calderon's kindred "*Virgin of the Sanctuary*," each of the acts of which belongs to a different century, and to another order of things than the preceding with, of course, entirely new personages. But the principal scene of each act is the same — the great Cathedral of Toledo ; and the true heroine of the drama, the connecting link which holds its acts together, is the miraculous image of the Virgin there revered. In each act, too, an interesting epoch of Spanish history is well illustrated ; and we can well believe with what thrilling interest a Spaniard would follow through them the reverses and triumphs of his forefathers —

the cross falling before the crescent to arise again and stand resplendent above its waning brightness. The first act belongs to the early Gothic kingdom, and exhibits the faith triumphant over heresy, and the joy of Christian Toledo only disturbed by presage and prophecy of the eclipse of the light which it now enjoys — of the dark days which will have come to Spain when the fair image it reveres shall be hidden.

Those dark days have come when the second act begins. The Moors are at the gates of Toledo. The Archbishop flees the town, walking barefoot, and carrying with him the relics of its numerous saints. He orders the Virgin's image to be carried likewise in the mournful procession, that he may find it a safe refuge among the Christians. But it cannot be lifted; and in this unexpected hindrance the Toledans thankfully discern the resolution of their protectress to remain and guard her children through their hour of trouble. Before admitting the Moors into the conquered town, the governor hastens with a few faithful friends to hide the image beneath the cathedral pavement. In the gloom of night, with wail and chant of sorrow borrowed from Jeremiah's "Lamentations," they mourn the desolation of their Jerusalem, and, as they lower their treasure into the dark cavern, pray that (like Joseph of old), it may yet be lifted from the pit and exalted to reign and rule. In the third act Toledo is once more in Christian hands. King Alphonso has won it again from the Moors. Few now remember that the Virgin's image once existed; the knowledge of its hiding-place has died out, and the king has not scrupled, by way of conciliating his new subjects, to leave the old cathedral, now a mosque, in their hands. His wife, Queen Constance, is grieved at her husband's want of zeal; in his absence she boldly seizes the church and hands it over to the archbishop for Christian uses. The king hears with indignation, from the complaints of the aggrieved Moors, of his wife's aggression, which he resolves to punish and hastily returns to Toledo. In a striking scene, Constance with dishevelled hair, crucifix in hand, confronts her angry husband before the altar; bidding him take her life with a dagger which she holds out to him, if on full consideration he deems her worthy of death. Then the distant chant of heavenly choristers draws his attention to the long-forgotten hiding-place of the Virgin. A bright light streams from its inmost recesses, and re-

veals her glorious beauty to the astonished eyes of the Moor who had been demanding back his mosque from the king, but who now, suddenly converted, implores Christian baptism. The sacred image rises of its own accord from the dark depths which have so long hidden it from view, and is borne in solemn procession, amid hymns and shouts of joy, to its long-vacant place in the restored cathedral.

In spite of the superstition which disfigures the "Virgin of the Sanctuary," it is a very interesting play, chiefly from the power of the patriotic sentiment which it expresses. It makes us wish that Calderon had dealt less with the mythologic and classic personages, whom he transforms in numerous dramas into Spanish cavaliers and señoras, and more with the great men and women of old Castille and Aragon. Even now his noblest hero is, though not a Spaniard, yet a Portuguese. His "Steadfast Prince," though strictly to be reckoned among his historical plays, has nevertheless many claims to be enumerated among Calderon's sacred dramas. That Christian Regulus is not more the flower of chivalry than of saintliness, and wins his place among the noble army of martyrs by the patient endurance of protracted agonies for the sake of the faith.* And his is a true story, undisfigured, till his death, by miraculous appearances or visions. It is impossible, when we compare the holy Ferdinand with his cousin and contemporary Henry the Fifth, to deny that the selfish glory of the victor of Agincourt looks poor in the purer light which encircles the preserver of Ceuta: nor can we help wishing that the mightier genius who, in Prince Hal, bequeathed a fascinating but dangerous model to future royal scions, had known and depicted the loftier type of prince which fate reserved to the hand of Calderon.

Each of the sacred dramas which we have hitherto named has, with the exception of "The Devotion of the Cross," an historical basis. It is not so with the five others, which are framed from legendary sources. The four martyr-plays deserve more prolonged attention than we can bestow upon them at the present moment. The remaining drama, the "Purgatory of S. Patrick" (though presenting us in the saint with a true histor-

* This fine play has been translated by Mr. MacCarthy. An analysis of it, with original versions of some passages, appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine" for May, 1873, in the latter part of an article, entitled "Two Acts of Self-Devotion."

ical character), is yet wholly legendary in its plot and incidents. Like "Cymbeline" and "Lear," it deals with pre-historic Celtic annals, and, like them, it makes small attempt to preserve the manners and customs of its day. Still a poetic instinct has guided Calderon, as in "The Devotion of the Cross," to a suitable scenic background for his tale of wonder; and the mysterious cavern which leads to the under-world opens, with great imaginative fitness, amid the Ossianic mists and sea-girdled rocks of the cloud-wrapt isle which ever listens to the murmur of the melancholy ocean. On several accounts "The Purgatory of S. Patrick" may be regarded as a good specimen of Calderon's sacred drama. As such Mr. MacCarthy has thought it worth the labour of translating twice over. His second version, recently published, is an exact fac-simile of the metres of the original; ranging, as do most of Calderon's plays, from the Italian octave rhyme, through others, to the peculiar rhyme of four and five lines variously combined, which is the especial beauty of the Spanish drama. He has always, also, in every instance where they occur, copied closely the *assonants* of the original, or vowel rhyme (disregarding consonants) unchanged perhaps for several hundred lines. We shall call the reader's attention to such passages when they occur in our citations, as we observe the translator does himself, for alas! they might otherwise easily pass unnoticed; English vowels being so variable in sound that they cannot strike the ear with their uniform effect in the old Spanish ballads, whence they were adopted into the national theatre. Still Mr. MacCarthy has done perfectly right not to omit so peculiar a characteristic of Calderon's plays as this, however little suited to the genius of the English language; and his success is, considering the circumstances, surprising, especially where the assonant vowels are *i* and *e*.

Besides scrupulous adherence to the outward form, the translation before us exhibits the yet greater merit of fidelity to the spirit of its original. Trivial where Calderon is trivial, prosy where he is prosy, extravagant where he is extravagant, but likewise poetic, passionate, and awe-inspiring where his author is so, Mr. MacCarthy's version may be relied on to give the English reader a fair notion of Calderon, alike in his weakness and in his strength. As such, we shall found on it a short account of the play; beg-

ging the reader to transport himself in imagination in our company to the Madrid theatre in the latter half of the seventeenth century, where the audience who have devoutly heard mass in the morning, who have perhaps as devoutly witnessed the burning of a heretic in the afternoon, wait with eager interest in the evening to hear of a foreign country won for Christ by a wonder-working saint, of the flames which they seek to flee, and of the glory which they hope themselves to win.

The curtain rises, to disclose to them the Irish king Egerius, with his two daughters, to whom he is relating a dream which greatly disquiets his mind; for he has seen them in its course consumed by a flame which issued from the mouth of a young slave, which spared the father to burn the children. They try to divert his mind by pointing out the approach of a ship which bears Philip, the Princess Polonia's lover, to the shore, and which, little as they then suspect it, carries likewise the unknown youth of the king's dream, Patrick, Philip's captive, to the scene of his future triumphs. Then occurs the storm at sea, with which Calderon's audience were so familiar, depicted to them, as here, by a terrified eye-witness, with a liberal expenditure of "ice pyramids, snow-turrets, foam-palaces, and red-coral sepulchres." At last two dripping men struggle to land, and present themselves before the king. They are Patrick the saint and Luis Enius the sinner. Each is called on to give an account of himself, and each obeys. Through hundreds of assonant lines, Patrick first, and, more briefly, Luis at greater length, and with the most unblushing cynicism, depict, the one, the pious life, honoured by Heaven with miracles, which he has led, till the moment when the corsair chief enslaved him, the other, the horrible crimes of every possible shade of blackness, which he, though in name a Christian, has gloried in committing, till, a fellow-captive, he was saved by Patrick from the waters. The king forgives Luis his Christianity, in consideration of his courageous wickedness. He scorns to put Patrick to death, though he has recognized in him the youth of his vision; but dismisses him with contempt, to keep his sheep for him, while he retains Luis in an honourable position in his court. Patrick quits the man, whose life he has saved, with a little-headed admonition; but he is more successful in obtaining from him a prom-

ise that, whether alive or dead, they shall meet yet once more. He then gladly betakes himself to his lowly task; and amazes the peasant under whose charge he has been placed, by the fervour of his addresses to his unseen Friend. We subjoin the good version before us of his very beautiful prayer, written by Calderon in the simpler form of the four-line rhyme, referred to above.

PATRICK.

Lord ! how gladly do I live
In this solitary spot,
Where my soul in raptured prayer
May adore Thee, or in trance
See the living countenance
Of thy prodigies so rare !
Human wisdom, earthly lore,
Solitude reveals and reaches ;
What diviner wisdom teaches
In it, too, I would explore.

PAUL.

Tell me, talking thus apart,
Who it is on whom you call ?

PATRICK.

Great primæval cause of all,
Thou, O Lord, in all things art !
These blue heavens, these crystal skies
Formed of dazzling depths of light,
In which sun, moon, stars unite,
Are they not but draperies
Hung before Thy heavenly land ? —
The discordant elements,
Water, fire, earth, air immense,
Prove they not Thy master-hand ?
Or in dark or brightsome hours,
Praise they not Thy power and might ?
O'er the earth dost Thou not write
In the characters of flowers
Thy great goodness ? And the air,
In reverberating thunder,
Does it not in fear and wonder
Say, O Lord, that Thou art there ?
Are not, too, Thy praises sung
By the fire and water — each
Dowered for this divinest speech,
With tongue the wave, the flame with tongue ?
Here, then, in this lonely place
I, O Lord, may better be,
Since in all things I find Thee.
Thou hast given to me the grace
Of Obedience, Faith, and Fear ;
As a slave, then, let me stay,
Or remove me where I may
Serve Thee truly, if not here.

This prayer is answered. An angel comes to summon Patrick to the great task of converting the Irish nation ; and bears him away to receive a lawful commission for the office. Three years have elapsed when the Second Act* begins. Patrick has returned from Rome (where the mediæval legend of course took care

to send him), and preached with great success in many parts of Ireland before bending his steps to the scene of his former captivity. He is on his way there now ; and King Egerius awaits his coming in stern and sullen mood. But before they can meet a frightful catastrophe occurs. The wicked Luis has gained the love of one of the king's daughters, who frees him from the prison where he lay sentenced to death for a fresh offence. She intends to accompany him in his flight ; but he has no mind to be so encumbered. By her death he can at once possess himself of her jewels, and take vengeance on her father, who condemned him, and on her former lover, Philip, a quarrel with whom was the cause of his disgrace. He therefore kills the hapless Polonia in the first wood they reach after safely effecting their escape ; and departs from Ireland to begin a fresh career of crime abroad. Her old lover, Philip, finds the blood-stained corpse, which he thus points out to the father and the sister : *

Seeking traces of Polonia

Through these savage woods distracted
Roamed I restless all the night-time,
Till at length amid the darkness
Half awakened rose the dawn :
Not in veils of gold and amber
Was she dressed ; a robe of mourning
Formed of clouds composed her mantle.

Searching there in every part,
We approached where blood was spattered
On the tender dewy flowers,
And upon the ground some fragments
Of a woman's dress were strewn.
By these signs at once attracted
We went on, till at the foot
Of a great rock overhanging,
In a fragrant tomb of roses
Lay Polonia, dead and stabbed there.
Turn your eyes, and here you see
The young tree of beauty blasted,
Pale and sad the opening flower,
The bright flame abruptly darkened ;
See here loveliness laid prostrate,
See warm life here turned to marble, —
See, alas ! Polonia dead.

The father and sister begin their lamentations, which are interrupted by a voice which calls on Ireland to repent, and in a few moments Patrick stands before them. To conquer the king's incredulity, he prays for a sign from heaven, and at his word the dead maiden rises to her feet, and departs to seek baptism and devote herself henceforth to the service of

* Assonants in *a* and *e*.

the true God. But her father remains unconvinced, and in answer to Patrick's declarations concerning Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory, he bids him show him one of them at least, or die in an hour's time.

Patrick once more prays earnestly, and an angel comes down from heaven with this answer : —

Patrick, God has heard thy prayer,
He has listen'd to thy vows,
And, as thou hast asked, allows
Earth's great secrets to lie bare.
Seek along this island ground
For a vast and darksome cave,
Which restrains the lake's dark wave,
And supports the mountains round ;
He who dares to go therein,
Having first contritely told
All his faults, shall there behold *
Where the soul is purged from sin.
He shall see, with mortal eyes,
Hell itself, where those who die
In their sins forever lie
In the fire that never dies.
He shall see, in blest fruition,
Where the happy spirits dwell.
But of this be sure as well —
He who without due contrition
Enters there to idly try
What the cave may be, doth go
To his death.

The angel disappears, after promising Patrick an entrance into glory that very day ; and renown on earth, perpetuated by the marvellous cave which is to be known to after-ages by the name of St. Patrick's Purgatory. The saint summons the king and his court, and leads the way to its mouth. Not far from it they meet the penitent Polonia, who adds to the fear which thrills the heart of most on approaching a spot hitherto shunned by universal consent, as she declares how, seeking a lonely hermitage, she had entered the cave, and instantly rushed forth again, affrighted at the shrieks and curses and horrible cries which resounded in its depths. Her description, worked out by Calderon in his more elaborate octaves has, in the third stanza, been thought deserving by Shelley of imitation. It is thus that it commences : —

Here from myself with hurried footsteps
flying,
I dared to tread this wilderness profound,
Beneath the mountain whose proud top
defying

* This is not an exact version of "*Tendré el purgatorio en ella*," which implies not merely beholding but having, and is a promise of passing through a purgatory in this life.

The pure bright sunbeam is with huge
rocks * crowned,

Hoping that here, as in its dark grave lying,
Never my sin could on the earth be found,
And I myself might find a port of peace
Where all the tempests of the world might
cease.

No polar star had hostile fate decreed me,
As on my perilous path I dared to stray ;
So great its pride, no hand presumed to lead
me,

And guide my silent footstep on its way.
Not yet the aspect of the place has freed me
From the dread terror, anguish, and dismay,
Which were awakened by this mountain's
gloom,

And all the hidden wonders of its womb.
See ye not here this rock some power secureth,
*That grasps with awful toil the hill-side
brown,*

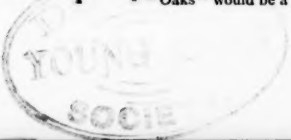
*And with the very anguish it endureth
Age after age seems slowly coming down.*
Suspended there with effort, it obscureth
A mighty cave beneath, which it doth
crown ! —

An open mouth the horrid cavern shapes,
Wherewith the melancholy mountain gapes.

And so on through four more stanzas : the eighth is spoken by Patrick himself, declaring that the mysterious cavern contains life for the believing penitent, who shall there be cleansed even in this world from the stain of sin ; but death to the impenitent. The king defies the warning, and rushes rashly into its recesses, whence he emerges no more to sight ; whilst rising flames and awful voices from below warn the survivors not to imitate his impious daring.

During the interval between the Second and the Third and final Act, the conversion of all Ireland is supposed to have taken place. The Princess Lesbia, now a Christian according to the vision, reigns in her father's place ; her elder sister Polonia leading a recluse life in the desert, while her former lover, Philip, is about to become the husband of the new queen. It is at this point that Philip's rival, Luis Enius, re-appears on the scene. He has led an unquiet life abroad ever since Polonia's murder, and returns to Ireland in disguise to endeavour to complete his long list of crimes by the assassination of Philip, vowing revenge against whom he had left the country. As he lurks about in disguise to effect his purpose, he is startled by observing himself watched in turn by a muffled figure, of whom he can only rid himself by a challenge. But his sword cuts the air, and when, throwing himself on the stran-

* "Oaks" would be a preferable version.



ger, he penetrates his disguise, it is to find beneath it the awful image of his own future self.

LUIS * (*speaking to the muffled form*).

We are here alone, and may
Hand to hand resume the combat.
And since powerless is my sword
Thee to wound, I throw me on thee
To know who thou art. Declare,
Art thou demon, man, or monster?
What! no answer? Then I thus
Dare myself to solve the problem,

[*He tears the cloak from the figure, and finds beneath it a skeleton.*]

And find out. . . . Oh, save me, Heaven!
God, what's this I see? What horrid
Spectacle! What frightful vision!
What death-threatening fearful portent!
Stiff and stony corse, who art thou,
That of dust and ashes formed
Now dost live?

THE FIGURE.

Not know thyself?

This is thy most faithful portrait:

I, alas! — am — Luis Enius.

[*Disappears.*]

The soldier falls senseless. When he recovers from the first effects of the terrible vision, he hastens to profess his penitence, and lays aside his guilty purpose. He vows to perform a penance proportioned to the grievousness of his offences; a voice from \ddagger heaven suggests to him S. Patrick's Purgatory, and he resolves to betake himself thither, and keep his long-forgotten promise to the departed saint. On his road he encounters his former victim, Polonia. Believing her dead, he imagines that it is an illusion of his spiritual enemy that he beholds, intended, by reminding him of the worst crime he has committed, to drive him to despair. She, discerning in the way-worn wanderer who asks of her the path to the awful penitential cavern the features of her own murderer, feels tempted to revenge her injuries; but conquers her own heart, and speeds him o'er the dark waters with her pardon. The whole scene is striking and beautiful. Between the abyss of guilt, which the sinner has just left, and the gloomy purgatorial depths into which he is about to plunge, the clear light of day falls gently on the green promontory where stands the hermit princess, rejoicing in the better part which she has chosen. Before the entrance of Luis it is

thus that her devout thanksgiving ascends to heaven —

POLONIA.

To Thee, O Lord, my spirit climbs,
To Thee from every lonely hill
I burn to sacrifice my will
A thousand and a thousand times.
And such my boundless love to Thee,
I wish each will of mine a living soul could be.

Would that my love I could have shown,
By leaving for Thy sake, instead
Of that poor crown that press'd my head,
Some proud, imperial crown and throne —
Some empire which the sun surveys
Through all its daily course and gilds with
constant rays.

This lowly grot, 'neath rocks uphurled,
In which I dwell, though poor and small,
A spur of that stupendous wall,
The eighth great wonder of the world,
Doth in its little space excel
The grandest palace where a king doth dwell.

Far better on some natural lawn
To see the morn its gems bestrew,
Or watch it weeping pearls of dew
Within the white arms of the dawn;
Or view, before the sun, the stars
Drive o'er the brightening plain their swiftly
fading cars;

Far better in the mighty main,
As night comes on and clouds grow grey,
To see the golden coach of day
Drive down amid the waves of Spain;
(But be it dark, or be it bright,
O Lord! I praise Thy name by day and night;)

Than to endure the inner strife,
The specious glare, but real weight
Of pomp, and power, and pride, and state,
And all the vanities of life;
How would we shudder could we deem
That life itself, in truth, is but a fleeting
dream!

When the pilgrim has crossed the lake
alone in the boat provided for the purpose, he is received on the opposite shore by the canons who watch the mysterious cave. They advise delay; but he insists on at once entering it, exclaiming, — *

It was God that touched my soul,
And inspired me to come here;
Not a vain desire to know,
Not ambition to find out
Secrets God, perchance, withholds.
Do not baffle this intention,
For the call is Heaven's alone.

I will ever have my hope
Firmly fixed upon the Lord,

* Single assonant, *e*.

* Assonants in *o* and *e*.
 \ddagger "Bless me, Heaven!" the exclamation of Luis as the sound strikes his ear, is a vulgar rendering for "Help me, Heaven!" and should be corrected here and elsewhere.

At whose holy name even hell
Is subdued.

FIRST CANON.

The fervid glow
Of your words compels me now
To unlock the awful doors.

He does so ; and, with protestations of his faith and his repentance, the intrepid Luis departs into the gloomy cavern, followed by the prayers and benedictions of the admiring monks. The principal surviving personages of the drama are grouped around its portals on the morning of his expected return. The Prior and his attendants throw them wide open, and a pallid and scared face emerges from the darkness. At the Prior's command Luis Enius, for he it is, recites the marvels through which he has passed, in the audience of the astonished assembly. He tells how, shortly after his entrance, he found himself in a hall of jasper, in the presence of twelve men dressed all alike in snow-white unspotted, the foremost of whom gave him this weighty admonition : —

Remember *

That in God you place your faith ;
And that you be not dejected
In your battle with the demons ;
For if moved by what they threaten,
Or may promise, you turn back,
You will have to dwell forever
In the lowest depths of hell.

Directly after this seasonable counsel the soldier's trial began. Dark forms from the abyss closed round him, evil whispers assailed him, bidding him despair of God's mercy, and go back and enjoy what remained to him of life rather than seek hell before his time. When he withstood the sinful suggestion, demon hands seized and bound him, plunged him into flames, carried him to regions of perpetual ice, set him amidst fiery vipers and torrents of burning pitch, cast him into a volcano, up and down which flames unceasingly bore souls like sparks, and finally set him to cross a fiery river on a bridge of a single line's width, falling off which wretched creatures were perpetually being torn by the hydras and monsters below. Delivered from each former peril by invoking the name of Jesus, he called on God once more, and passed the fearful bridge in safety.

Yes, I passed, and in a wood,
So delightful and so fertile,

* Assonants *c* and *e*.

Found me, that in it I could,
After what had passed, refresh me.
On my way as I advanced,
Cedars, palms, their boughs extended,
Trees of paradise indeed,
As I may with strictness term them ;
All the ground being covered over
With the rose and pink together
Formed a carpet, in whose hues
White and green and red were blended.
There the amorous song-birds sang
Tenderly their sweet distresses,
Keeping, with the thousand fountains
Of the streams, due time and measure.
Then upon my vision broke
A great city, proud and splendid,
Which had even the sun itself
For its towers' and turrets' endings ;
All the gates were of pure gold,
Into which had been inserted
Exquisitely, diamonds, rubies,
Topaz, chrysolite, and emerald.
Ere I reached the gates they opened,
And the saints in long procession
Solemnly advanced to meet me, —
Men and women, youths and elders,
Boys and girls and children came,
All so joyful and contented.
Then the seraphim and angels,
In a thousand choirs advancing,
To their golden instruments
Sang the symphonies of heaven ;
After them at last approached
The most glorious and resplendent
Patrick, the great patriarch,
Who his gratulations telling,
That I had fulfilled my word
Ere I died, as he expected,
He embraced me ; all displaying
Joy and gladness in my welfare.
Thus encouraged he dismissed me,
Telling me, no mortal ever,
While in life, that glorious city
Of the saints could hope to enter ;
That once more unto the world
I should go, my days to end there.

And since I from so much danger
Have escaped, oh ! deign to let me,
Pious fathers, here remain
Till my life is happily ended.

The "Purgatory of S. Patrick" is rather a proof of Calderon's skill and boldness in the use of ready-prepared material than of his inventive genius. Montalvan had translated into Spanish Messingham's account of the mediæval legend, derived from Joscelin's life of the saint ; and also the marvellous tale of his cave, chronicled among others by Matthew Paris. The story of the adventures there of Owain, a penitent soldier of King Stephen (Oënus in the Latin chronicle, whence the Enio of Montalvan and of Calderon), is one of the large class of

precursors to the Divine Comedy of Dante, which show alike the luxuriance and the sombre character of the imagination of the middle ages. But by boldly transporting the "Miles quidam Oënus nomine, qui multis annis sub rege Stephano militaverat," of Matthew Paris back to the earlier days of S. Patrick, and by making him not only a contemporary but a chance-companion of the saint, Calderon gained at once a foil whose transcendent wickedness might make his comrade's holiness look brighter still, and at the same time as great an approach to unity of interest and design as was possible from the nature of his subject. For unity of time and place, he ever cherished Shakespeare's disregard. And, at first, we might think that unity of design fared no better than the other two unities in "The Purgatory of S. Patrick." For, as the preceding sketch has shown, the saintly hero of the play, and his tyrant opponent, alike disappear from its list of personages at the end of the second of its three Acts; leaving only, out of the characters who have engaged much of our attention, the villain of the piece and his victim, the resuscitated princess, to fill the last third of the drama. And yet, in spite of this, the central thought of the play, good overcoming evil, incorporated in Patrick's person, manifests itself from its commencement to its close, and links both firmly together. The larger but less distinctly traced picture of the conversion of a lawless island, is repeated for us as it were in smaller and clearer outline in the conversion of one lawless man to Christ: both due to the same saint, in the former case through visible activity, in the latter by invisible influence. Each is subdued by the thought of the great Hereafter, brought tangibly and sensibly before each; the striking scene which results in the repentance of Luis Enius being Calderon's own invention. So, too, is the happy device of making the restored Polonia guide her former lover and betrayer to the haven where alone he can find peace after all his crimes: she floats before us in the last Act as a being of another and a purer world than this—a risen saint who has left behind her all memories of wrong and every fear of evil. And as the hermit princess of the third Act keeps fresh in our minds both the sinner who slew and the saint who brought her to life again in the preceding, so is the concluding portion joined to the earlier of the play by the

memory which pervades it of the old pledge given by Luis Enius to Patrick to meet him yet once more. Both the larger and the smaller interest which unite in this drama are satisfied when that pledge is fulfilled, and when the penitent reappears to narrate this meeting with the saint amid the glories of paradise. And that narration itself, undramatic and inartistic in its length, has yet an air of simplicity and truthfulness which compensates for all defects. Not as when the great philosopher of Athens told his tale of the life to come on another's credit, or as the courtly poet sang of it to Augustus and his friends as a reminiscence of Homer; here a plain man's rude, untutored lips declare things veritably seen and heard by himself; and in the strong realism of the old legend versified by Calderon, we for a moment, like his Spanish audience, lose all sense of time and place. Man's earthly joys and sorrows, his arts and arms, his loves and hatreds, shrink into small dimensions in our eyes; and we seem to stand on a rocky islet amid the dark lake's waters, with the distant roar of the Atlantic in our ears, waiting to see the mists part and disclose to us the form of the eye-witness to the things which are eternal.

The poet who attains objects such as these is great, whether he works by received rules, or dares, in the language of the most artificial of poets, to

Snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

Speaking more exactly, the art to which we owe "The Purgatory of S. Patrick" is art of the highest order; for it is that which causes its own presence to be unobserved. Amid its seeming carelessness rules an exact plan: nothing is left to chance; everything is provided for, and the most minute circumstance of the play contributes to its grand and solemn result. As in the other dramas of Calderon for the most part, the characters do not print themselves very deeply on our memory; we do not cherish Polonia as we do Imogen; the personality of Luis Enius does not impress us like that of even Shakespeare's more ordinary soldiers of fortune; Patrick has little individual about him, and might stand equally well for almost any other saint of the calendar. But the whole effect of their history is very different from that produced by any one character taken singly: the great issues involved in it lend a dignity to conventional and ordinary forms which shine in its poetic atmosphere with

a lustre not their own, and present us with the blended graces of narrative and dramatic verse.

To-day we must not wander further in the vast and stately pile which Calderon began in youth (side by side with his yet larger secular erection) to devote to religious purposes, and which he spent his age in completing; which, too, he doubtless thought of with humble gratitude on that dying bed whereon, as his epitaph tells us, he despised his other and highly applauded performances. We have not indeed entered the four side-chapels of its choir, each of which is inscribed with the name of a holy martyr. Still less have we penetrated that majestic choir itself, where the noble arches and "fretted vault" ceaselessly reverberate the mystic music of the Auto. But we have admired the Old Testament decorations of the porch; we have paused before the rood-loft, and marked its skilfully contrived approach, we have surveyed for a few moments the ladye-chapel. Yet to-day we have lingered longest in the cloisters where we have examined frescoes like those of Orcagna and Fra Angelico in the Campo Santo of Pisa; in better preservation happily than theirs, but, like theirs, devoted to the representation of the four last things—Death, Judgment, Hell, and Heaven. We turn away with a sigh, though while we looked at the quaint pictures we could not always refrain from smiling. A true faith inspired them, if on some points unenlightened. Where shall we find as firm a conviction now of the reality of things unseen? And so we go forth to mingle once again with the common throng of men; the last faint notes of the chant die away upon our ear, and the rolling wave of sound from the organ is lost to us in the bustle of the busy market-place.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

BOOK ELEVENTH.

CHAPTER I.

AMONG the frets and checks to the course that "never did run smooth," there is one which is sufficiently frequent, for many a reader will remember the irritation it caused him. You have counted on a meeting with the beloved one unwit-

nessed by others, an interchange of confessions and vows which others may not hear. You have arranged almost the words in which your innermost heart is to be expressed; pictured to yourself the very looks by which those words will have their sweetest reply. The scene you have thus imagined appears to you vivid and distinct, as if foreshown in a magic glass. And suddenly, after long absence, the meeting takes place in the midst of a common companionship: nothing that you wished to say can be said. The scene you pictured is painted out by the irony of Chance; and groups and backgrounds of which you had never dreamed, start forth from the disappointing canvas. Happy if that be all! But sometimes, by a strange subtle intuition, you feel that the person herself is changed; and, sympathetic with that change, a terrible chill comes over your own heart.

Before Graham had taken his seat at the table beside Isaura, he felt that she was changed to him. He felt it by her very touch as their hands met at the first meeting,—by the tone of her voice in the few words that passed between them,—by the absence of all glow in the smile which had once lit up her face, as a burst of sunshine lights up a day in spring, and gives a richer gladness of colour to all its blooms. Once seated side by side they remained for some moments silent. Indeed it would have been rather difficult for anything less than the wonderful intelligence of lovers between whom no wall can prevent the stolen interchange of tokens, to have ventured private talk of their own amid the excited converse which seemed all eyes, all tongues, all ears, admitting no one present to abstract himself from the common emotion. Englishmen do not recognize the old classic law which limited the number of guests where banquets are meant to be pleasant to that of the Nine Muses. They invite guests so numerous, and so shy of launching talk across the table, that you may talk to the person next to you not less secure from listeners than you would be in talking with the stranger whom you met at a well in the Sahara. It is not so, except on state occasions, at Paris. Difficult there to retire into solitude with your next neighbour. The guests collected by Duplessis completed with himself the number of the Sacred Nine—the host, Valérie, Rochebriant, Graham, Isaura, Signora Venosta, La Duchesse de Tarascon, the wealthy and high-born Imperial-

ist, Prince —, and last and least, one who shall be nameless.

I have read somewhere, perhaps in one of the books which American superstition dedicates to the mysteries of Spiritualism, how a gifted seer, technically styled medium, sees at the opera a box which to other eyes appears untenanted and empty, but to him is full of ghosts, well dressed in *costume de règle*, gazing on the boards and listening to the music. Like such ghosts are certain beings whom I call Lookers-on. Though still living, they have no share in the life they survey. They come as from another world to hear and to see what is passing in ours. In ours they lived once, but that troubled sort of life they have survived. Still we amuse them as stage-players and puppets amuse ourselves. One of these Lookers-on completed the party at the house of Duplessis.

How lively, how animated the talk was at the financier's pleasant table that day, the 8th of July! The excitement of the coming war made itself loud in every Gallic voice, and kindled in every Gallic eye. Appeals at every second minute were made, sometimes courteous, sometimes sarcastic, to the Englishman — promising son of an eminent statesman, and native of a country in which France is always coveting an ally, and always suspecting an enemy. Certainly Graham could not have found a less propitious moment for asking Isaura if she really *were* changed. And certainly the honour of Great Britain was never less ably represented (that is saying a great deal) than it was on this occasion by the young man reared to diplomacy and aspiring to Parliamentary distinction. He answered all questions with a constrained voice and an insipid smile, — all questions pointedly addressed to him as to what demonstrations of admiring sympathy with the gallantry of France might be expected from the English Government and people; what his acquaintance with the German races led him to suppose would be the effect on the Southern States of the first defeat of the Prussians; whether the man called Moltke was not a mere strategist on paper, a crotchety pedant; whether, if Belgium became so enamoured of the glories of France as to solicit fusion with her people, England would have a right to offer any objection, — &c. &c. I do not think that during that festival Graham once thought one-millionth so much about the fates of Prussia and France as he did think "Why is that girl so changed

to me? merciful heaven! is she lost to my life?"

By training, by habit, even by passion, the man was a genuine politician, cosmopolitan as well as patriotic, accustomed to consider what effect every vibration in that balance of European power, which no deep thinker can despise, must have on the destinies of civilized humanity, and on those of the nation to which he belongs. But are there not moments in life when the human heart suddenly narrows the circumference to which its emotions are extended? As the ebb of a tide, it retreats from the shores it had covered on its flow, drawing on with contracted waves the treasure-trove it has selected to hoard amidst its depths.

CHAPTER II.

ON quitting the dining-room, the Duchesse de Tarascon said to her host, on whose arm she was leaning, "Of course you and I must go with the stream. But is not all the fine talk that has passed to-day at your table, and in which we too have joined, a sort of hypocrisy? I may say this to you; I would say it to no other."

"And I say to you, Madame la Duchesse, that which I would say to no other. Thinking over it as I sit alone, I find myself making a 'terrible hazard;' but when I go abroad and become infected by the general enthusiasm, I pluck up gaiety of spirit, and whisper to myself, 'True, but it may be an enormous gain.' To get the left bank of the Rhine is a trifle; but to check in our next neighbour a growth which a few years hence would overtop us, — that is no trifle. And, be the gain worth the hazard or not, could the Emperor, could any Government likely to hold its own for a week, have declined to take the chance of the die?"

The Duchesse mused a moment, and meanwhile the two seated themselves on a divan in the corner of the *salon*. Then she said very slowly —

"No Government that held its tenure on popular suffrage could have done so. But if the Emperor had retained the personal authority which once allowed the intellect of one man to control and direct the passions of many, I think the war would have been averted. I have reason to know that the Emperor gave his emphatic support to the least bellicose members of the Council, and that Grammont's speech did not contain the passage that precipitates hostilities when the Council

in which it was framed broke up. These fatal words were forced upon him by the temper in which the Ministers found the Chamber, and the reports of the popular excitement which could not be resisted without imminent danger of revolution. It is Paris that has forced the war on the Emperor. But enough of this subject. What must be must; and, as you say, the gain may be greater than the hazard. I come to something else you whispered to me before we went in to dinner,—a sort of complaint which wounds me sensibly. You say I had assisted to a choice of danger and possibly of death a very distant connection of mine, who might have been a very near connection of yours. You mean Alain de Rochebriant?"

"Yes; I accept him as a suitor for the hand of my only daughter."

"I am so glad, not for your sake so much as for his. No one can know him well without appreciating in him the finest qualities of the finest order of the French noble; but having known your pretty Valérie so long, my congratulations are for the man who can win her. Meanwhile, hear my explanation: when I promised Alain an interest I can command for the grade of officer in a regiment of Mobiles, I knew not that he had formed, or was likely to form, ties or duties to keep him at home. I withdraw my promise."

"No, Duchesse, fulfill it. I should be disloyal indeed if I robbed a sovereign under whose tranquil and prosperous reign I have acquired with no dishonour, the fortune which Order proffers to Commerce, of one gallant defender in the hour of need. And, speaking frankly, if Alain were really my son, I think I am Frenchman enough to remember that France is my mother."

"Say no more, my friend—say no more," cried the Duchesse, with the warm blood of the heart rushing through all the delicate coatings of pearl-powder. "If every Frenchman felt as you do; if in this Paris of ours all hostilities of class may merge in the one thought of the common country; if in French hearts there yet thrill the same sentiment as that which, in the terrible days when all other ties were rent asunder, revered France as mother, and rallied her sons to her aid against the confederacy of Europe,—why, then, we need not grow pale with dismay at the sight of a Prussian needle-gun. Hist! look yonder: is not that a tableau of Youth in Arcady? Worlds rage around, and Love, un-

concerned, whispers to Love!" The Duchesse here pointed to a corner of the adjoining room in which Alain and Valérie sat apart, he whispering into her ear: her cheek downcast, and, even seen at that distance, brightened by the delicate tenderness of its blushes.

CHAPTER III.

BUT in that small assembly there were two who did not attract the notice of Duplessis, or of the Lady of the Imperial Court. While the Prince — and the placid Looker-on were engaged at a contest of *ecarté*, with the lively Venosta, for the gallery, interposing criticisms and admonitions, Isaura was listlessly turning over a collection of photographs, strewed on a table that stood near to an open window in the remoter angle of the room, communicating with a long and wide balcony filled partially with flowers, and overlooking the Champs Elysées, softly lit up by the innumerable summer stars. Suddenly a whisper, the command of which she could not resist, thrilled through her ear, and sent the blood rushing back to her heart.

"Do you remember that evening at Enghien? how I said that our imagination could not carry us beyond the question whether we two should be gazing together that night twelve months on that star which each of us had singled out from the hosts of heaven? That was the 8th of July. It is the 8th of July once more. Come and seek for our chosen star—come. I have something to say which say I must. Come."

Mechanically, as it were,—mechanically, as they tell us the Somnambulist obeys the Mesmerizer,—Isaura obeyed that summons. In a kind of dreamy submission she followed his steps, and found herself on the balcony, flowers around her and stars above, by the side of the man who had been to her that being ever surrounded by flowers and lighted by stars,—the ideal of Romance to the heart of virgin Woman.

"Isaura," said the Englishman, softly. At the sound of her own name for the first time heard from those lips, every nerve in her frame quivered. "Isaura, I have tried to live without you. I cannot. You are all in all to me: without you it seems to me as if earth had no flowers, and even heaven had withdrawn its stars. Are there differences between us, differences of taste, of sentiments, of habits, of thought? Only let me hope that you can love me a tenth part so

much as I love you, and such differences cease to be discord. Love harmonizes all sounds, blends all colours into its own divine oneness of heart and soul. Look up! is not the star which this time last year invited our gaze above, is it not still there? Does it not still invite our gaze? Isaura, speak!"

"Hush, hush, hush," — the girl could say no more, but she recoiled from his side.

The recoil did not wound him: there was no hate in it. He advanced, he caught her hand, and continued, in one of those voices which become so musical in summer nights under starry skies —

"Isaura, there is one name which I can never utter without a reverence due to the religion which binds earth to heaven — a name which to man should be the symbol of life cheered and beautified, exalted, hallowed. That name is 'wife.' Will you take that name from me?"

And still Isaura made no reply. She stood mute, and cold, and rigid as a statue of marble. At length, as if consciousness had been arrested and was struggling back, she sighed heavily, and passed her hands slowly over her forehead. "Mockery, mockery," she said then, with a smile half bitter, half plaintive, on her colourless lips. "Did you wait to ask me that question till you knew what my answer must be? I have pledged the name of wife to another."

"No, no; you say that to rebuke, to punish me! Unsay it! unsay it!"

Isaura beheld the anguish of his face with bewildered eyes. "How can my words pain you?" she said, drearily. "Did you not write that I had unfitted myself to be wife to you?"

"I?"

"That I had left behind me the peaceful immunities of private life? I felt you were so right! Yes! I am affianced to one who thinks that in spite of that misfortune —"

"Stop, I command you — stop! You saw my letter to Mrs. Morley. I have not had one moment free from torture and remorse since I wrote it. But whatever in that letter you might justly resent —"

"I did not resent —"

Graham heard not the interruption, but hurried on. "You would forgive could you read my heart. No matter. Every sentiment in that letter, except those which conveyed admiration, I retract. Be mine, and instead of presuming to

check in you the irresistible impulse of genius to the first place in the head or the heart of the world, I will teach myself to encourage, to share, to exult in it. Do you know what a difference there is between the absent one and the present one — between the distant image against whom our doubts, our fears, our suspicions raise up hosts of imaginary giants, barriers of visionary walls, and the beloved face before the sight of which the hosts are fled, the walls are vanished? Isaura, we meet again. You know now from my own lips that I love you. I think your lips will not deny that you love me. You say that you are affianced to another. Tell the man frankly, honestly, that you mistook your heart. It is not yours to give. Save yourself, save him, from a union in which there can be no happiness."

"It is too late," said Isaura, with hollow tones, but with no trace of vacillating weakness on her brow and lips. "Did I say now to that other one, 'I break the faith that I pledged to you,' I should kill him, body and soul. Slight thing though I be, to him I am all in all; to you, Mr. Vane, to you a memory — the memory of one whom a year, perhaps a month, hence, you will rejoice to think you have escaped."

She passed from him — passed away from the flowers and the starlight; and when Graham, — recovering from the stun of her crushing words, and with the haughty mien and step of the man who goes forth from the ruin of his hopes, leaning for support upon his pride, — when Graham re-entered the room, all the guests had departed save only Alain, who was still exchanging whispered words with Valérie.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day, at the hour appointed, Graham entered Alain's apartment. "I am glad to tell you," said the Marquis, gaily, "that the box has arrived, and we will very soon examine its contents. Breakfast claims precedence." During the meal Alain was in gay spirits, and did not at first notice the gloomy countenance and abstracted mood of his guest. At length, surprised at the dull response to his lively sallies on the part of a man generally so pleasant in the frankness of his speech, and the cordial ring of his sympathetic laugh, it occurred to him that the change in Graham must be ascribed to something that had gone wrong in the meeting with Isaura the

evening before; and remembering the curtness with which Graham had implied disinclination to converse about the fair Italian, he felt perplexed how to reconcile the impulse of his good-nature with the discretion imposed on his good-breeding. At all events, a compliment to the lady whom Graham had so admired could do no harm.

"How well Mademoiselle Cicogna looked last night!"

"Did she? It seemed to me that, in health at least, she did not look very well. Have you heard what day M. Thiers will speak on the war?"

"Thiers? No. Who cares about Thiers? Thank heaven his day is past! I don't know any unmarried woman in Paris, not even Valérie—I mean Mademoiselle Duplessis—who has so exquisite a taste in dress as Mademoiselle Cicogna. Generally speaking, the taste of a female author is atrocious."

"Really—I did not observe her dress. I am no critic on subjects so dainty as the dress of ladies, or the tastes of female authors."

"Pardon me," said the *beau Marquis* gravely. "As to dress, I think that is so essential a thing in the mind of woman, that no man who cares about women ought to disdain critical study of it. In woman refinement of character is never found in vulgarity of dress. I have only observed that truth since I came up from Bretagne."

"I presume, my dear Marquis, that you may have read in Bretagne books which very few not being professed scholars have ever read at Paris: and possibly you may remember that Horace ascribes the most exquisite refinement in dress, denoted by the untranslatable words, '*simplex munditiis*,' to a lady who was not less distinguished by the ease and rapidity with which she could change her affection. Of course that allusion does not apply to Mademoiselle Cicogna; but there are many other exquisitely dressed ladies at Paris of whom an ill-fated admirer

fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit.

Now, with your permission, we will adjourn to the box of letters."

The box being produced and unlocked, Alain looked with conscientious care at its contents before he passed over to Graham's inspection a few epistles, in which the Englishman immediately detected the same handwriting as that of

the letter from Louise which Richard King had bequeathed to him.

They were arranged and numbered chronologically.

LETTER I.

"DEAR M. LE MARQUIS,—How can I thank you sufficiently for obtaining and remitting to me those certificates? You are too aware of the unhappy episode in my life not to know how inestimable is the service you render me. I am saved all further molestation from the man who had indeed no right over my freedom, but whose persecution might compel me to the scandal and disgrace of an appeal to the law for protection, and the avowal of the illegal marriage into which I was duped. I would rather be torn limb from limb by wild horses, like the Queen in the history books, than dishonour myself and the ancestry which I may at least claim on the mother's side by proclaiming that I had lived with that low Englishman as his wife, when I was only—O heavens, I cannot conclude the sentence!

No, Mons. le Marquis, I am in no want of the pecuniary aid you so generously wish to press on me. Though I know not where to address my poor dear uncle,—though I doubt, even if I did, whether I could venture to confide to him the secret known only to yourself as to the name I now bear—and if he hear of me at all he must believe me dead,—yet I have enough left of the money he last remitted to me for present support; and when that fails, I think, what with my knowledge of English and such other slender accomplishments as I possess, I could maintain myself as a teacher or governess in some German family. At all events I will write to you again soon, and I entreat you to let me know all you can learn about my uncle. I feel so grateful to you for your just disbelief of the horrible calumny which must be so intolerably galling to a man so proud, and, whatever his errors, so incapable of a baseness.

"Direct to me *Poste restante*, Augsburg."

"Yours, with all consideration,
"_____,"

LETTER II.

(Seven months after the date of Letter I.)

AUGSBURG.

"DEAR M. LE MARQUIS,—I thank you for your kind little note informing me of the pains you have taken, as yet

with no result, to ascertain what has become of my unfortunate uncle. My life since I last wrote has been a very quiet one. I have been teaching among a few families here; and among my pupils are two little girls of very high birth. They have taken so great a fancy to me that their mother has just asked me to come and reside at their house as governess. What wonderfully kind hearts those Germans have,—so simple, so truthful! They raise no troublesome questions,—accept my own story implicitly." Here follow a few commonplace sentences about the German character and a postscript. "I go into my new home next week. When you hear more of my uncle, direct to me at the Countess von Rudesheim, Schloss N— M—, near Berlin."

"Rudesheim!" Could this be the relation, possibly the wife, of the Count von Rudesheim with whom Graham had formed acquaintance last year?

LETTER III.

(Between three and four years after the date of the last.)

"You startle me indeed, dear M. le Marquis. My uncle said to have been recognized in Algeria, under another name, a soldier in the Algerine army? My dear, proud, luxurious uncle! Ah, I cannot believe it, any more than you do: but I long eagerly for such further news as you can learn of him. For myself, I shall perhaps surprise you when I say I am about to be married. Nothing can exceed the amiable kindness I have received from the Rudesheims since I have been in their house. For the last year especially I have been treated on equal terms as one of the family. Among the habitual visitors at the house is a gentleman of noble birth, but not of rank too high, nor of fortune too great, to make a marriage with the French widowed governess a *misalliance*. I am sure that he loves me sincerely; and he is the only man I ever met whose love I have cared to win. We are to be married in the course of the year. Of course he is ignorant of my painful history, and will never learn it. And after all Louise D— is dead. In the home to which I am about to remove there is no probability that the wretched Englishman can ever cross my path. My secret is as safe with you as in the grave that holds her whom in the name of Louise D— you once loved.

Henceforth I shall trouble you no more with my letters; but if you hear anything decisively authentic of my uncle's fate, write me a line at any time, directed as before to Madame M—, enclosed to the Countess von Rudesheim.

"And accept, for all the kindness you have ever shown me as to one whom you did not disdain to call a kinswoman, the assurance of my undying gratitude. In the alliance she now makes, your kinswoman does not discredit the name through which she is connected with the yet loftier line of Rochebriant."

To this letter the late Marquis had appended in pencil: "Of course a Rochebriant never denies the claim of a kinswoman, even though a drawing-master's daughter. Beautiful creature, Louise, but a termagant! I could not love Venus if she were a termagant. L's head turned by the unlucky discovery that her mother was noble. In one form or other every woman has the same disease—vanity. Name of her intended not mentioned—easily found out."

The next letter was dated May 7, 1859, on black-edged paper, and contained but these lines: "I was much comforted by your kind visit yesterday, dear Marquis. My affliction has been heavy: but for the last two years my poor husband's conduct has rendered my life unhappy, and I am recovering the shock of his sudden death. It is true that I and the children are left very ill provided for; but I cannot accept your generous offer of aid. Have no fear as to my future fate. Adieu, my dear Marquis! This will reach you just before you start for Naples. *Bon voyage*." There was no address on this note—no postmark on the envelope—evidently sent by hand.

The last note, dated 1861, March 20, was briefer than its predecessor. "I have taken your advice, dear Marquis; and, overcoming all scruples, I have accepted his kind offer, on the condition that I am never to be taken to England. I had no option in this marriage. I can now own to you that my poverty had become urgent.—Yours, with inalienable gratitude, —."

This last note, too, was without postmark, and as evidently sent by hand.

"There are no other letters, then, from this writer?" asked Graham; "and no further clue as to her existence?"

"None that I have discovered; and I see now why I have preserved these letters. There is nothing in their con-

tents not creditable to my poor father. They show how capable he was of good-natured disinterested kindness towards even a distant relation of whom he could certainly not have been proud, judging not only by his own pencilled note, or by the writer's condition as a governess, but by her loose sentiments as to the marriage tie. I have not the slightest idea who she could be. I never at least heard of one connected, however distantly, with my family, whom I could identify with the writer of these letters."

"I may hold them a short time in my possession?"

"Pardon me a preliminary question. If I may venture to form a conjecture, the object of your search must be connected with your countryman, whom the lady politely calls the 'wretched Englishman;' but I own I should not like to lend, through these letters, a pretence to any steps that may lead to a scandal in which my father's name or that of any member of my family could be mixed up."

"Marquis, it is to prevent the possibility of all scandal that I ask you to trust these letters to my discretion."

"Foi de gentilhomme?"

"Foi de gentilhomme!"

"Take them. When and where shall we meet again?"

"Soon, I trust; but I must leave Paris this evening. I am bound to Berlin in quest of this Countess von Rudesheim: and I fear that in a very few days intercourse between France and the German frontier will be closed upon travellers."

After a few more words not worth recording, the two young men shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER V.

IT was with an interest languid and listless indeed compared with that which he would have felt a day before, that Graham mused over the remarkable advances toward the discovery of Louise Duval which were made in the letters he had perused. She had married, then, first a foreigner whom she spoke of as noble, and whose name and residence could be easily found through the Countess von Rudesheim. The marriage did not seem to have been a happy one. Left a widow in reduced circumstances, she had married again, evidently without affection. She was living so late as 1861, and she had children living in 1859: was the child referred to by Richard King one of them?

The tone and style of the letters served to throw some light on the character of the writer: they evinced pride, stubborn self-will, and unamiable hardness of nature; but her rejection of all pecuniary aid from a man like the late Marquis de Rochebriant betokened a certain dignity of sentiment. She was evidently, whatever her strange ideas about her first marriage with Richard King, no vulgar woman of gallantry; and there must have been some sort of charm about her to have excited a friendly interest in a kinsman so remote, and a man of pleasure so selfish, as her high-born correspondent.

But what now, so far as concerned his own happiness, was the hope, the probable certainty, of a speedy fulfilment of the trust bequeathed to him? Whether the result, in the death of the mother, and more especially of the child, left him rich, or, if the last survived, reduced his fortune to a modest independence, Isaura was equally lost to him, and fortune became valueless. But his first emotions on recovering from the shock of hearing from Isaura's lips that she was irrevocably affianced to another, were not those of self-reproach. They were those of intense bitterness against her who, if really so much attached to him as he had been led to hope, could within so brief a time reconcile her heart to marriage with another. This bitterness was no doubt unjust; but I believe it to be natural to men of a nature so proud and of affections so intense as Graham's under similar defeats of hope. Resentment is the first impulse in a man loving with the whole ardour of his soul, rejected, no matter why or wherefore, by the woman by whom he had cause to believe he himself was beloved; and though Graham's standard of honour was certainly the reverse of low, yet man does not view honour in the same light as woman does, when involved in analogous difficulties of position. Graham conscientiously thought that if Isaura so loved him as to render distasteful an engagement to another which could only very recently have been contracted, it would be more honourable frankly so to tell the accepted suitor than to leave him in ignorance that her heart was estranged. But these engagements are very solemn things with girls like Isaura, and hers was no ordinary obligation of woman-honour. Had the accepted one been superior in rank — fortune — all that flatters the ambition of woman in the choice of marriage; had he been resolute, and strong, and self-

dependent amid the trials and perils of life, — then possibly the woman's honour might find excuse in escaping the penalties of its pledge. But the poor, ailing, infirm, morbid boy-poet, who looked to her as his saving angel in body, in mind, and soul — to say to him, "Give me back my freedom," would be to abandon him to death and to sin. But Graham could not of course divine why what he as a man thought right was to Isaura as woman impossible: and he returned to his old prejudiced notion that there is no real depth and ardour of affection for human lovers in the poetess whose mind and heart are devoted to the creation of imaginary heroes. Absorbed in reverie, he took his way slowly and with downcast looks towards the British embassy, at which it was well to ascertain whether the impending war yet necessitated special passports for Germany.

"*Bon jour, cher ami,*" said a pleasant voice; "and how long have you been at Paris?"

"Oh, my dear M. Savarin! charmed to see you looking so well! Madame well too, I trust? My kindest regards to her. I have been in Paris but a day or two, and I leave this evening."

"So soon? The war frightens you away, I suppose. Which way are you going now?"

"To the British embassy."

"Well, I will go with you so far — it is in my own direction. I have to call at the charming Italian's with congratulations — on news I only heard this morning."

"You mean Mademoiselle Cicogna — and the news that demands congratulations — her approaching marriage!"

"*Mon dieu!* when could you have heard of that?"

"Last night at the house of M. Duplessis."

"*Parbleu!* I shall scold her well for confiding to her new friend Valérie the secret she kept from her old friends, my wife and myself."

"By the way," said Graham, with a tone of admirably-feigned indifference, "who is the happy man? That part of the secret I did not hear."

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

"Gustave Rameau."

"Ah!" Graham almost shrieked, so sharp and shrill was his cry. "Ah! I ought indeed to have guessed that!"

"Madame Savarin, I fancy, helped to make up the marriage. I hope it may

turn out well; certainly it will be his salvation. May it be for her happiness!"

"No doubt of that! Two poets — born for each other, I daresay. Adieu, my dear Savarin! Here we are at the embassy."

CHAPTER VI.

THAT evening Graham found himself in the *coupé* of the express train to Strasbourg. He had sent to engage the whole *coupé* to himself, but that was impossible. One place was bespoken as far as C —, after which Graham might prosecute his journey alone on paying for the three places.

When he took his seat another man was in the further corner whom he scarcely noticed. The train shot rapidly on for some leagues. Profound silence in the *coupé*, save at moments those heavy impatient sighs that come from the very depths of the heart, and of which he who sighs is unconscious, burst from the Englishman's lips, and drew on him the observant side-glance of his fellow-traveller.

At length the fellow-traveller said in very good English, though with French accent, "Would you object, sir, to my lighting my little carriage-lantern? I am in the habit of reading in the night train, and the wretched lamp they give us does not permit that. But if you wish to sleep, and my lantern would prevent you doing so, consider my request unasked."

"You are most courteous, sir. Pray light your lantern — that will not interfere with my sleep."

As Graham thus answered, far away from the place and the moment as his thoughts were, it yet faintly struck him that he had heard that voice before.

The man produced a small lantern, which he attached to the window-sill, and drew forth from a small leathern bag sundry newspapers and pamphlets. Graham flung himself back, and in a minute or so again came his sigh. "Allow me to offer you those evening journals — you may not have had time to read them before starting," said the fellow-traveller, leaning forward, and extending the newspapers with one hand, while with the other he lifted his lantern. Graham turned, and the faces of the two men were close to each other — Graham with his travelling-cap drawn over his brows, the other with head uncovered.

"Monsieur Lebeau!"

"*Bon soir, Mr. Lamb!*"

Again silence for a moment or so. Monsieur Lebeau then broke it—

"I think, Mr. Lamb, that in better society than that of the Faubourg Montmartre you are known under another name."

Graham had no heart then for the stage-play of a part, and answered, with quiet haughtiness, "Possibly—and what name?"

"Graham Vane. And, sir," continued Lebeau, with a haughtiness equally quiet, but somewhat more menacing, "since we two gentlemen find ourselves thus close, do I ask too much if I inquire why you condescended to seek my acquaintance in disguise?"

"Monsieur le Vicomte de Mauléon, when you talk of disguise, is it too much to inquire why my acquaintance was accepted by Monsieur Lebeau?"

"Ha! Then you confess that it was Victor de Mauléon whom you sought when you first visited the *Café Jean Jacques*?"

"Frankly I confess it."

Monsieur Lebeau drew himself back, and seemed to reflect.

"I see! Solely for the purpose of learning whether Victor de Mauléon could give you any information about Louise Duval. Is it so?"

"Monsieur le Vicomte, you say truly."

Again M. Lebeau paused as if in reflection; and Graham, in that state of mind when a man who may most despise and detest the practice of duelling, may yet feel a thrill of delight if some homicide would be good enough to put him out of his misery, flung aside his cap, lifted his broad frank forehead, and stamped his boot impatiently as if to provoke a quarrel.

M. Lebeau lowered his spectacles, and with those calm, keen, searching eyes of his, gazed at the Englishman.

"It strikes me," he said with a smile, the fascination of which not even those faded whiskers could disguise—"it strikes me that there are two ways in which gentlemen such as you and I are can converse: firstly, with reservation and guard against each other; secondly, with perfect openness. Perhaps of the two I have more need of reservation and wary guard against any stranger than you have. Allow me to propose the alternative—perfect openness. What say you?" and he extended his hand.

"Perfect openness," answered Graham, softened into sudden liking for this once terrible swordsman, and shaking, as

an Englishman shakes, the hand held out to him in peace by the man from whom he had anticipated quarrel.

"Permit me now, before you address any questions to me, to put one to you. How did you learn that Victor de Mauléon was identical with Jean Lebeau?"

"I heard that from an agent of the police."

"Ah!"

"Whom I consulted as to the means of ascertaining whether Louise Duval was alive,—if so, where she could be found."

"I thank you very much for your information. I had no notion that the police of Paris had divined the original *alias* of poor Monsieur Lebeau, though something occurred at Lyons which made me suspect it. Strange that the Government, knowing through the police that Victor de Mauléon, a writer they had no reason to favour, had been in so humble a position, should never, even in their official journals, have thought it prudent to say so! But, now I think of it, what if they had? They could prove nothing against Jean Lebeau. They could but say, 'Jean Lebeau is suspected to be too warm a lover of liberty, too earnest a friend of the people, and Jean Lebeau is the editor of "*Le Sens Commun*." Why, that assertion would have made Victor de Mauléon the Hero of the Reds, the last thing a prudent Government could desire. I thank you cordially for your frank reply. Now, what question would you put to me?"

"In one word, all you can tell me about Louise Duval."

"You shall have it. I had heard vaguely in my young days that a half-sister of mine by my father's first marriage with Mademoiselle de Beauvilliers had—when in advanced middle life he married a second time—conceived a dislike for her mother-in-law; and, being of age, with an independent fortune of her own, had quitted the house, taken up her residence with an elderly female relative, and there had contracted a marriage with a man who gave her lessons in drawing. After that marriage, which my father in vain tried to prevent, my sister was renounced by her family. That was all I knew till, after I came into my inheritance by the death of both my parents, I learned from my father's confidential lawyer, that the drawing-master, M. Duval, had soon dissipated his wife's fortune, become a widower with one child—a girl—and fallen into great distress. He came to

my father, begging for pecuniary aid. My father, though by no means rich, consented to allow him a yearly pension, on condition that he never revealed to his child her connection with our family. The man agreed to the condition, and called at my father's lawyer quarterly for his annuity. But the lawyer informed me that this deduction from my income had ceased, that M. Duval had not for a year called or sent for the sum due to him, and that he must therefore be dead. One day my valet informed me that a young lady wished to see me—in those days young ladies very often called on me. I desired her to be shown in. There entered a young creature, almost of my own age, who, to my amazement, saluted me as uncle. This was the child of my half-sister. Her father had been dead several months, fulfilling very faithfully the condition on which he had held his pension, and the girl never dreaming of the claims that, if wise, poor child, she ought not to have cared for, viz.,—to that obsolete useless pauper birthright, a branch on the family tree of a French noble. But in pinch of circumstance, and from female curiosity, hunting among the papers her father had left for some clue to the reasons for the pension he had received, she found letters from her mother, letters from my father, which indisputably proved that she was grandchild to the *feu* Vicomte de Mauléon, and niece to myself. Her story as told to me was very pitiable. Conceiving herself to be nothing higher in birth than daughter to this drawing-master, at his death, poor, penniless orphan that she was, she had accepted the hand of an English student of medicine whom she did not care for. Miserable with this man, on finding by the documents I refer to that she was my niece, she came to me for comfort and counsel. What counsel could I or any man give to her but to make the best of what had happened, and live with her husband? But then she started another question. It seems that she had been talking with some one, I think her landlady, or some other woman with whom she had made acquaintance—was she legally married to this man? Had he not entrapped her ignorance into a false marriage? This became a grave question, and I sent at once to my lawyer. On hearing the circumstances, he at once declared that the marriage was not legal according to the laws of France. But, doubtless, her English *soi-disant* husband was not cognisant of the French law, and a legal

marriage could with his assent be at once solemnized. Monsieur Vane, I cannot find words to convey to you the joy that poor girl showed in her face and in her words when she learned that she was not bound to pass her life with that man as his wife. It was in vain to talk and reason with her. Then arose the other question, scarcely less important. True, the marriage was not legal, but would it not be better on all accounts to take steps to have it formally annulled, thus freeing her from the harassment of any claim the Englishman might advance, and enabling her to establish the facts in a right position, not injurious to her honour in the eyes of any future suitor to her hand? She would not hear of such a proposal. She declared that she could not bring to the family she pined to re-enter the scandal of disgrace. To allow that she had made such a *mésalliance* would be bad enough in itself; but to proclaim to the world that, though nominally the wife, she had in fact been only the mistress, of this medical student—she would rather throw herself into the Seine. All she desired was to find some refuge, some hiding-place for a time, whence she could write to the man informing him that he had no lawful hold on her. Doubtless he would not seek then to molest her. He would return to his own country, and be effaced from her life. And then, her story unknown, she might form a more suitable alliance. Fiery young creature though she was—true de Mauléon in being so fiery—she interested me strongly. I should say that she was wonderfully handsome; and though imperfectly educated, and brought up in circumstances so lowly, there was nothing common about her—a certain *je ne sais quoi* of stateliness and race. At all events she did with me what she wished. I agreed to aid her desire of a refuge and hiding-place. Of course I could not lodge her in my own apartment, but I induced a female relation of her mother's, an old lady living at Versailles, to receive her, stating her birth, but of course concealing her illegal marriage.

"From time to time I went to see her. But one day I found this restless bright-plumaged bird flown. Among the ladies who visited at her relative's house was a certain Madame Marigny, a very pretty young widow. Madame Marigny and Louise formed a sudden and intimate friendship. The widow was moving from Versailles into an apartment at Paris, and invited Louise to share it. She had con-

sented. I was not pleased at this; for the widow was too young, and too much of a coquette, to be a safe companion to Louise. But though professing much gratitude and great regard for me, I had no power of controlling the poor girl's actions. Her nominal husband, meanwhile, had left France, and nothing more was heard or known of him. I saw that the best thing that could possibly befall Louise was marriage with some one rich enough to gratify her taste for luxury and pomp; and that if such a marriage offered itself, she might be induced to free it from all possible embarrassment by procuring the annulment of the former, from which she had hitherto shrunk in such revolt. This opportunity presented itself. A man already rich, and in a career that promised to make him infinitely richer, an associate of mine in those days when I was rapidly squandering the remnant of my inheritance — this man saw her at the opera in company with Madame Marigny, fell violently in love with her, and ascertaining her relationship to me, besought an introduction. I was delighted to give it; and, to say the truth, I was then so reduced to the bottom of my casket, I felt that it was becoming impossible for me to continue the aid I had hitherto given to Louise, and what then would become of her? — I thought it fair to tell Louvier —"

"Louvier — the financier?"

"Ah, that was a slip of the tongue, but no matter; there is no reason for concealing his name. I thought it right, I say, to tell Louvier confidentially the history of the unfortunate illegal marriage. It did not damp his ardour. He wooed her to the best of his power, but she evidently took him into great dislike. One day she sent for me in much excitement, showed me some advertisements in the French journals which, though not naming her, evidently pointed at her, and must have been dictated by her *soi-disant* husband. The advertisements might certainly lead to her discovery if she remained in Paris. She entreated my consent to remove elsewhere. Madame Marigny had her own reason for leaving Paris, and would accompany her. I supplied her with the necessary means, and a day or two afterwards she and her friend departed, as I understood, for Brussels. I received no letter from her; and my own affairs so seriously preoccupied me, that poor Louise might have passed altogether out of my thoughts, had it not been for the suitor she had left in despair

behind. Louvier besought me to ascertain her address; but I could give him no other clue to it than that she said she was going to Brussels, but should soon remove to some quiet village. It was not for a long time — I can't remember how long — it might be several weeks, perhaps two or three months, — that I received a short note from her stating that she waited for a small remittance, the last she would accept from me; as she was resolved, so soon as her health would permit, to find means to maintain herself — and telling me to direct to her, *Poste restante*, Aix-la-Chapelle. I sent her the sum she asked, perhaps a little more, but with a confession reluctantly wrung from me that I was a ruined man; and I urged her to think very seriously before she refused the competence and position which a union with M. Louvier would insure.

"This last consideration so pressed on me that, when Louvier called on me, I think that day or the next, I gave him Louise's note, and told him that, if he were still as much in love with her as ever, *les absens ont toujours tort*, and he had better go to Aix-la-Chapelle and find her out; that he had my hearty approval of his wooing, and consent to his marriage, though I still urged the wisdom and fairness, if she would take the preliminary step — which, after all, the French law frees as much as possible from pain and scandal — of annulling the irregular marriage into which her child-like youth had been decoyed.

"Louvier left me for Aix-la-Chapelle. The very next day came that cruel affliction which made me a prey to the most intolerable calumny, which robbed me of every friend, which sent me forth from my native country penniless, and resolved to be nameless — until — until — well, until my hour could come again, — every dog, if not hanged, has its day; — when that affliction befell me, I quitted France, heard no more of Louvier nor of Louise; indeed, no letter addressed to me at Paris would have reached —"

The man paused here, evidently with painful emotion. He resumed in the quiet matter-of-fact way in which he had commenced his narrative.

"Louise had altogether faded out of my remembrance until your question revived it. As it happened, the question came at the moment when I meditated resuming my real name and social position. In so doing, I should, of course, come in contact with my old acquaintance Louvier; and the name of Louise was

necessarily associated with his. I called on him, and made myself known. The slight information I gave you as to my niece was gleaned from him. I may now say more. It appears that when he arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle he found that Louise Duval had left it a day or two previously, and according to scandal had been for some time courted by a wealthy and noble lover, whom she had gone to Munich to meet. Louvier believed this tale; quitted Aix indignantly, and never heard more of her. The probability is, M. Vane, that she must have been long dead. But if living still, I feel quite sure that she will communicate with me some day or other. Now that I have reappeared in Paris in my own name—entered into a career that, for good or for evil, must ere long bring my name very noisily before the public—Louise cannot fail to hear of my existence and my whereabouts; and unless I am utterly mistaken as to her character, she will assuredly inform me of her own. Oblige me with your address, and in that case I will let you know. Of course I take for granted the assurance you gave me last year, that you only desire to discover her in order to render her some benefit, not to injure or molest her?"

"Certainly. To that assurance I pledge my honour. Any letter with which you may favour me had better be directed to my London address; here is my card. But, M. le Vicomte, there is one point on which pray pardon me if I question you still. Had you no suspicion that there was one reason why this lady might have quitted Paris so hastily, and have so shrunk from the thought of a marriage so advantageous, in a worldly point of view, as that with M. Louvier,—namely, that she anticipated the probability of becoming the mother of a child by the man whom she refused to acknowledge as a husband?"

"That idea did not strike me until you asked me if she had a child. Should your conjecture be correct, it would obviously increase her repugnance to apply for the annulment of her illegal marriage. But if Louise is still living and comes across me, I do not doubt that, the motive for concealment no longer operating, she will confide to me the truth. Since we have been talking together thus frankly, I suppose I may fairly ask whether I do not guess correctly in supposing that this *soi-disant* husband, whose name I forget,—Mac—something, perhaps Scotch—I think she said

he was *Ecossais*,—is dead, and has left by will some legacy to Louise and any child she may have borne to him?"

"Not exactly so. The man, as you say, is dead; but he bequeathed no legacy to the lady who did not hold herself married to him. But there are those connected with him who, knowing the history, think that some compensation is due for the wrong so unconsciously done to her, and yet more to any issue of a marriage not meant to be irregular or illegal. Permit me now to explain why I sought you in another guise and name than my own. I could scarcely place in M. Lebeau the confidence which I now unreservedly place in the Vicomte de Mauléon."

"*Cela va sans dire*. You believed, then, that calumny about the jewels; you do not believe it now?"

"Now! my amazement is, that any one who had known you could believe it."

"Oh, how often, with tears of rage in my exile—my wanderings—have I asked that question of myself! That rage has ceased; and I have but one feeling left for that credulous, fickle Paris, of which one day I was the idol, the next the byword. Well, a man sometimes plays chess more skilfully for having been long a mere bystander. He understands better how to move, and when to sacrifice the pieces. Politics, M. Vane, is the only exciting game left to me at my years. At yours there is still that of love. How time flies! we are nearing the station at which I descend. I have kinsfolk of my mother's in these districts. They are not Imperialists; they are said to be powerful in the department. But before I apply to them in my own name, I think it prudent that M. Lebeau should quietly ascertain what is their real strength, and what would be the prospects of success if Victor de Mauléon offered himself as *député* at the next election. Wish him joy, M. Vane! If he succeed, you will hear of him some day crowned in the Capitol, or hurled from the Tarpeian rock."

Here the train stopped. The false Lebeau gathered up his papers, readjusted his spectacles and his bag, descended lightly, and, pressing Graham's hand as he paused at the door, said, "Be sure I will not forget your address if I have anything to say. *Bon voyage!*"

CHAPTER VII.

GRAHAM continued his journey to Strasbourg. On arriving there he felt

very unwell. Strong though his frame was, the anguish and self-struggle through which he had passed since the day he had received in London Mrs. Morley's letter, till that on which he had finally resolved on his course of conduct at Paris, and the shock which had annihilated his hopes in Isaura's rejection, had combined to exhaust his endurance, and fever had already commenced when he took his place in the *coupe*. If there be a thing which a man should not do when his system is undermined, and his pulse between 90 and 100, it is to travel all night by a railway express. Nevertheless, as the Englishman's will was yet stronger than his frame, he would not give himself more than an hour's rest, and again started for Berlin. Long before he got to Berlin, the will failed him as well as the frame. He was lifted out of the carriage, taken to a hotel in a small German town, and six hours afterwards he was delirious. It was fortunate for him that under such circumstances plenty of money and Scott's circular-notes for some hundreds were found in his pocket-book, so that he did not fail to receive attentive nursing and skilful medical treatment. There, for the present, I must leave him—leave him for how long? But any village apothecary could say that fever such as his must run its course. He was still in bed, and very dimly—and that but at times—conscious, when the German armies were gathering round the penfold of Sedan.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

ON the 26th of May, in the year 1828, a citizen of the ancient town of Nuremberg, standing at his own door drinking in the pure evening air through a long tobacco pipe, beheld advancing towards him a youth of singular aspect. The object of the citizen's regard was attired in pantaloons of grey cloth, a waistcoat of a spotted red material much the worse for wear, and a jacket which had plainly seen service as the upper portion of a frock coat. Round the youth's neck was a black silk neckcloth, his head was roofed by a coarse felt hat, and the toes of his stockingless feet peeped forth from a pair of heavy boots, which, like each of the other articles of his motley attire, had never been designed for the use of the

present wearer. More singular than his medley of clothing were his motions, which, though not those of a drunken man, resembled them, inasmuch that though the youth's spirit was evidently willing to gain the other end of the street, his flesh truly was weak, and as to the legs altogether ungovernable. The citizen noticed with amazement that they gave way alternately as the weight of the youth's body rested upon them in turns in his painful endeavour to progress, and that they showed a disposition to disperse in any direction save that in which the owner desired to proceed. The youth's progress being under these circumstances necessarily slow, the citizen advanced, and giving him greeting, inquired if he might in any way aid him. The youth answered in ill-pronounced German, "I would be a rider as my father was," and held out a letter which he carried in his hand, and which was addressed "To his Honour the Captain of the 4th Esgatarm of the Shwolishaz Regiment, Nuremberg." The good citizen offered to guide him to the captain's quarters, and would have beguiled the way with conversation. But to all his observations the strange youth answered only, "I would be a rider as my father was;" and his interlocutor, presently arriving at the conclusion that the youth with the weak legs must be a foreigner, desisted from further attempts at conversation. Arrived at the captain's house, the youth presented the letter to the servant, and piteously pointing to his swollen feet moaned his moan, "I would be a rider as my father was." The servant failing, as the citizen had failed, to get any further speech from him, admitted him to the kitchen pending his master's return, and being touched by his sorrowful condition placed meat and beer before him. The youth eagerly seized a piece of the meat and thrust it into his mouth; but scarcely had it touched his lips than he shook from head to foot, the muscles of his face became horribly convulsed, and he spat out the morsel with every token of disgust. Similar symptoms following upon his tasting the beer, the captain's servant, not feeling altogether at home in the company of so singular a youth, cautiously conducted him to the stable, where he lay down upon the straw and instantly fell asleep.

On the captain's return the letter was handed to him, with an account of the bearer's conduct, which lost nothing of its singularity in the reporting. The

missive, on being opened, was found to be dated with some indefiniteness, "From a place near the Bavarian frontier which shall be nameless, 1828." The letter proceeded to set forth that the bearer was left in the house of the writer on the 7th of October, 1812, and that he had never been able to discover who the waif's mother was. The writer added that he himself was a poor day labourer, having ten children and very little wherewith to maintain them; that he had never permitted the lad to take a step out of his house, and that he was thus in total ignorance of its locality, and so "good Mr. Captain need not try to find it out." The letter concluded by commending the bearer to the captain's care, but adding that if he did not desire to keep the boy he might "kill him or hang him up in the chimney." This mysterious epistle was written in German characters, but enclosed was a note written in Latin, enjoining the captain to send the boy when he was seventeen years of age to Nuremberg to the 6th Regiment of Light Horse, "for there his father also was." Here was a delicate and a dangerous position for a captain of Light Horse, and a married man withal, to be placed in! But the captain of the 4th Esgatarm was a man of action, and straightway proceeded to the stable, determined to get at the bottom of what was most probably the weak invention of some female enemy. In this intention he was, however, hopelessly baffled. Whenever he paused for a reply to his volley of questions his guest answered only, "I would be a rider as my father was," words of whose meaning he seemed to have no more intelligent conception than had Poe's raven of the "Evermore" it was wont to croak from its position on the pallid bust of Pallas just above the poet's chamber door. Unwilling to be saddled with the charge of so uncanny a guest, and not caring to adopt either of the mild methods of disposing of him suggested by the letter of introduction, the captain handed the stranger over to the police, two of whom led him away, informing him on the road that it was of no use his trying to "come the old soldier" over them, and that the sooner he told who he was and whence he came the better it would be for him. On his arrival at the police station the officials gravely proceeded to put to him the several questions enjoined by law, to each of which he wearily wailed, "I would be a rider as my father was."

Like the citizen, the captain's servant, and the captain himself, the guardians of the peace of Nuremberg were utterly at a loss to make anything of the singular apparition which had dropped down or sprung up upon their streets, and they were not in any wise assisted by the magistrates who were summoned to the council. The youth showed just such signs of intelligence as might be expected from a baby recently relieved of the incumbrance of long clothes and not quite comfortable in its mind by reason of the change. He stared with lack-lustre eyes at the furniture of the room, visibly brightening up when he beheld the gold lace on the uniforms of the officers present, and showing a strong desire to handle it. After spending several hours in attempts to elicit something from him, the burgomaster in a happy moment placed pen, ink, and paper before him, and bade him write a detailed account of himself. With a childish laugh, as if he recognized an old plaything, the stranger seized the pen, and in a legible hand wrote the words "Kasper Hauser," and with a repetition of this name he gleefully covered the sheet. But it speedily became apparent that as his power of speech was limited to the phrase touching his father the rider, so was his ability to write exhausted in the production of the name "Kasper Hauser." This was, however, a point gained, and Kasper was remanded on suspicion of being a rogue and a vagabond, and accommodated with a cell accordingly. Being offered by his gaoler the prison ration of bread and water he devoured it greedily, and then, lying back on his straw, fell into a peaceful sleep.

On the following morning he was again brought up for examination, but with no fresh result; and as the days went by the conviction of his genuineness forced itself on the minds of those who had him in charge, and instead of being regarded as an object of suspicion, who ought at least to be made to "move on," this strange being, whose cheeks were covered with the down of approaching manhood while his mental powers were, without natural defect, as undeveloped as those of a two-year-old baby, became an object of the deepest interest and the most affectionate regard. Little by little the broad outline of the story of his life leaked out, and the whole German nation read with growing excitement that somewhere in their midst, and for reasons which could only be conjectured, this lad,

now in his sixteenth year, had since his birth been immured in a room less than six feet square; that till a few days before he entered Nuremberg he had never beheld the light of Heaven, the face of Nature, or the likeness of man; that he had never stood upon his feet, never heard the human voice, never eaten anything but bread, and never drunk anything but water. Here was a feast for a philosophical and imaginative nation—a people who could evolve camels from their inner consciousness, and who were ever on the look out for some fresh glimpse of that Wonderland with whose dark glades and sunlit hills they had been familiar ever since the hour of strangely mingled pain and pleasure when they had smoked their first pipe. The citizens of Nuremberg flocked in crowds to visit Kasper, and as his story spread travellers from a distance, among whom were distinguished scholars, nobles, and even princes of the blood, made journeys to his little court until his *levées* became so crowded that they grew out of all proportion to the accommodation that Nuremberg could provide, and the order went forth for their discontinuance. The burgomaster issued a formal notice in which the world was given to understand that Kasper Hauser had been adopted by the city of Nuremberg, and in its name committed to the charge of an instructor, and thenceforward poor Kasper, with his ludicrously disobedient limbs, his wondering, wandering eyes, his baby prattle, and his adolescent form ceased to be on public view.

Of the learned men in whose minds this new and startling phenomenon created a deep interest was Anselm von Feuerbach, a distinguished judge in Bavaria, who devoted much time to the study of Kasper's bodily and mental condition, and embodied the result of his observations in a book, one of many which were published having "the child of Nuremberg" as a theme. Here we find a full description of Kasper and minute details of his daily life, which, as forming an altogether new chapter in the study of man, possess an interest apart from the mere vulgar one attached to the mystery of the lad's origin. Kasper was, when the learned judge first visited him, sixteen or seventeen years of age and four feet nine inches in height. He was strongly and symmetrically made, but so ignorant was he of the use of his limbs that his hands were rather in his way than otherwise, and he had acquired a nervous habit of stretching out three

fingers on either hand by way of feelers, his forefinger and thumb being meanwhile joined at the tips in the form of a circle. His method of walking was precisely that of an infant, and he tottered across the room from chair to chair with both arms held out to balance himself. Woe to him if a bit of stick or a book lay in his path. It was sure to bring him flat on his face, where he would lie content to sprawl till some one lifted him up and gave him another start. To all descriptions of food and drink save bread and water he showed the same signs of decided aversion which had terrified the captain's servant. The presence of any article of food except the two mentioned he could instantly detect by the smell, and a drop of wine, coffee, beer, or milk mixed with his water, or a morsel of meat, butter, or cheese placed in his mouth, caused him to become violently ill. His perfect innocence cast out fear from his mind, and he would stand looking on with childish delight while a naked sabre was flashed within a foot of his nose, and once when a pistol was fired at him he objected to the experiment only on the score of the noise it created. His sense of smelling was peculiarly keen, but for some time his senses of sight and hearing appeared to be in a state of torpor—not that he was either blind or deaf, for his eyes were so strong that he could see as well in the dark as in the light, and his hearing lacked nothing in the power of distinguishing sounds to which his attention was specially directed. But it was a natural consequence of the undeveloped condition of his being that he should behold things without seeing them and hear without noticing, and hence he stared vacantly at the objects of daily life and heard its sounds without receiving any impression therefrom. One exception must be made in favour of glittering objects, which from the first he eagerly seized and played with, and the ringing of bells, which threw him into a state of ecstasy. His ideas of things animate and inanimate, natural and artistic, were extremely broad. He could distinguish a man or a woman from the lower order of animals, but the sole difference which his mind could discover between the sexes was that one dressed in more flowing and brighter coloured robes, and was therefore the more lovable. Animals he also arbitrarily divided into two classes, white and black. A white pigeon or a white horse were the same to him—things pleasant to behold and de-

sirable; but anything that was black he abhorred, and a black hen which he once chanced upon nearly killed him with fright. Of a Creator, or death, or a life to come, it is needless to say he had no conception or any capability of understanding. Shortly after his domestication in Nuremberg divers devout and well-meaning clergymen sat down before him, and at sundry times strove to accomplish the salvation of his soul. But though he would listen for a time with the most encouraging attention, he would presently make a dart at the good man's eye-glass, or curiously fondle his whiskers, or stoop down to feel the polish on his boots, or by other and similar exhibitions of babyishness satisfactorily demonstrate that he had not the slightest idea of what the sermon was about. Indeed, all through his life Kasper entertained a strong aversion to parsons, their presence operating upon him in somewhat the same way that meat did. His impression of the ceremony of public worship he once summed up in the following pithy manner: — "First the people bellow, and when they have done the parson begins to bellow."

The struggle of this peculiarly situated human mind to grapple with the ideas that had suddenly burst upon it was deeply interesting to the psychological world, and Kasper's education was directed with as anxious a care as if the poor foundling had been the Prince Imperial or the prospective Czar of all the Russias. Possessing a memory which, counting its age by years, was in its prime, and upon which no ideas had yet been written, and with a disposition singularly docile and earnest, Kasper made wonderful progress in his studies. In a manner which shall presently be noted he had made a start in the art of writing, and in this he soon perfected himself, while he daily added to his vocabulary of speech. His notions of things were, however, essentially childish, and when he passed beyond the stage of impassive indifference to all around him he constantly indulged in fancies the most grotesque. He endowed images and trees with life, and if a sheet of paper were blown off the table he regarded the act as of its own volition, and would "wonder why it went." It was a matter of deep surprise to him that the horses and unicorns which he saw carved in stone upon the buildings of the city did not run away, and he was forever guessing what the trees were saying when the wind rustled through

them, and moved their big arms and fingers. Himself scrupulously clean, he beheld with indignation a dirt-encrusted statue which stood in his tutor's garden, often asking "why the man did not wash himself." He also propounded a similar inquiry for the consideration of an old grey cat, which he viewed as wilfully neglecting the ordinary means at its command of becoming white.

At this time his eyes, recovering from the state of inflammation into which they had been thrown by the sudden translation from darkness to light, were keen beyond comparison, and, as I have mentioned, were equally serviceable by night or day. His sense of hearing, too, was peculiarly acute, and he could distinguish at a great distance the sound of a man walking barefoot. His touch was equally sensitive, and he was affected in a powerful manner by metallic and magnetic influences. Of all the senses smelling was with him so highly developed as to be a source of daily torture. Things which to ordinary mortals are entirely destitute of odour, he could scent from afar, and flowers or other substances which possess a distinguishable perfume affected him so powerfully that it was necessary to exercise constant care to keep him without their range.

To this state of morbid sensibility there succeeded one in which his exceptional powers of memory, and, in a less degree, those of sight, hearing, smelling, taste, and touch, faded, and his ability to learn the lessons prepared for him steadily decreased. This was doubtless a natural result of the forcing system which was adopted by his tutors; but it was also coexistent with the change which had been gradually effected in his diet. Education in this direction had been a work of great difficulty, but by degrees Kasper became accustomed to eat meat and drink milk, and he threw so well under his new diet that he was soon able to walk the streets of Nuremberg without exciting doubts of his sobriety. Of horses and of riding he was passionately fond. He was from his first mount as safe in the saddle as a child in its cradle, and thenceforward daily rode out on horseback, undertaking without fatigue journeys which would have worn out a foxhunter.

In 1829, the year after Kasper's birth into the world — and it is necessary to bear in mind that it is of his first year I have hitherto discoursed — the public demanded that something more than had

yet been accomplished should be done towards clearing up the mystery of his life. Accordingly a court of inquiry was appointed by the Government, and several days were consumed in hearing depositions of facts connected with the founding. Of the scanty evidence adduced the most interesting is a brief memoir written by himself in February, 1829, less than twelve months after his appearance in Nuremberg, a production which displays the wonderful educational progress made by him in so short a time. His reminiscences are wholly confined to his existence in what he calls "a hole," which, from his comparisons with other localities, appears to have been a chamber about six or seven feet long and five feet high. His dress, he tells us, consisted of a shirt and trousers, with a rug to cover his legs, and he sat upon straw with his back against the wall, never lying full length even when he slept. When he awoke from sleep he sometimes found that he had a clean shirt on, and there was always a pitcher of water and a piece of bread on the floor beside him. How they came there he never questioned, accepting them as a matter of course, and only occasionally wishing the supply of water were more liberal. When he was very thirsty, and had drunk all the water in the pitcher, he was wont to take up the vessel and hold it to his mouth, expecting that water would presently flow; "But it never did," and then he would put down the pitcher and go to sleep again, and when he awoke there was water. He had for playthings two wooden horses, a dog, and some pieces of red and blue ribbon, and his sole occupation throughout the years he had spent in "the hole" was to deck the dog and the horses with the ribbon. He had no notion that there was anything anywhere beyond the walls that enclosed him, and for a long time did not know that there was any being in creation save himself. But once a man appeared, and placing a low stool before Kasper laid a piece of paper thereon, and taking the prisoner's hand within his own guided it in forming with a pencil the words "Kasper Hauser." This he repeated at intervals, till Kasper could write them himself, a practice in which he took great pleasure, for it varied the monotony of his ordinary recreation.

One day the man came to him, lifted him up, and placing him upon his feet endeavoured to teach him to stand upright and use his legs. Kasper had never yet

stood on his feet, and the experiment gave him great pain. But the man persevered, and by degrees the position grew less distressing. After the lesson had been repeated many times the man one day took him up on his back and carried him out into a bright light, in which Kasper fainted, and "all became night." They went a long way, he being sometimes dragged along, falling over his helpless feet, sometimes carried on the man's back. But the man spoke no word except to say, "I would be a rider as my father was," a shibboleth which thus became imprinted on Kasper's memory. When they got near Nuremberg the man dressed him in the clothes described at the commencement of this article, and upon entering the gates of the city placed a letter in his hand and vanished.

Nothing could be made of this extraordinary story, and the court of inquiry, solemnly convened, was as solemnly dissolved, having effected no other result than that of widening and deepening public interest in the history of the founding. This interest received a fresh stimulus from an occurrence which took place on the 17th October, 1829. On that day Kasper was found insensible and covered with blood, lying in the corner of a cellar in the house of the learned professor with whom he lived. When restored to consciousness, he related how that a man with a black silk handkerchief tied round his face had suddenly appeared before him as he sat alone in his room; how the man had struck him a heavy blow on the forehead, felling him to the ground; and how upon partially coming to himself he staggered down stairs and into the cellar, where he had fainted. After this event Kasper was more carefully tended than ever, and the process of intellectual cramming proceeded with such vigour that in a couple of years all his peculiar brightness had faded. Writing of him in the year 1832 Herr von Feuerbach says, "The extraordinary, almost preternatural, elevation of his senses has been diminished, and has almost sunk to the common level. He is indeed still able to see in the dark, so that for him there exists no real night. But he is no longer able to read in the dark, nor to recognize the most minute objects at a great distance. Of the gigantic powers of his memory, and of other astonishing qualities, not a trace remains. He no longer retains anything that is remarkable, except his extraordinary fate, his indescribable goodness, and the exceeding amiableness

of his disposition." It is astonishing how Kasper wound himself about the hearts of those with whom he came in contact. There are people still living in Nuremberg who remember him and regard him over a space of nearly forty years with a marvellous tenderness and infinite pity. One such gave me as a precious gift a copy of his portrait. It shows a lad of some eighteen years, full-faced, with short curly hair lying over a broad high forehead, large eyes, well-shaped nose, a sweet mouth, a dimpled chin, and a general expression of the presence of a great and constant sorrow uncomplainingly borne.

In the year 1832 the Earl of Stanhope prevailed upon the magistracy of Nuremberg to deliver up to his care the adopted child of their city, and his lordship temporarily placed him at Anspach, purposing shortly to remove him to England. At Anspach the life for which poor Kasper had so little cause for thankfulness was

closed by the assassin's dagger. On the 17th December, 1833, he went by appointment to the castle park, to meet a person who had darkly promised to give him a clue to his parentage, and who upon his arrival at the trysting place treacherously stabbed him to the heart. The deed was done in broad daylight, but the murderer escaped, and with him vanished all hope of elucidating the mystery of Kasper Hauser's birth and life. There were fresh inquiries and new conjectures, but from that day to this nothing capable of proof has been discovered. "God," wrote the pious Binder, chief burgomaster of Nuremberg, in a manifesto issued upon the death of Kasper, "God in his justice will compensate him with an eternal spring of the joys of infancy denied him here, for the vigour of youth of which he was deprived, and for the life destroyed five years after he was born into the world. Peace to his ashes." This was Kasper Hauser's epitaph.

THE CATHOLICS AND THE JEWS.—The *Tablet* contains a very objectionable paragraph (says the *Jewish Chronicle*), which we regret to find has been copied without comment in some of the daily papers. The *Tablet*, the organ of an intolerant communion, a communion distinguished by its virulent and cruel oppression of the race to which its founder belonged, is of course quite in its element in speaking offensively of the Jews. The paragraph reads as if written by some disappointed Catholic speculator checkmated on the Stock Exchange by the superior intelligence of a Jewish opponent. We can afford to read complacently these angry invectives of our Romish contemporary. We cannot afford, however, to read them without regret when we find them copied into the columns of the general press. We appeal to our Protestant fellow-countrymen of the Church of England, for an expression of opinion as to whether the allegations and insinuations of the *Tablet* are justifiable. We are not misled by the fact that in so-called Catholic countries the Jews are treated with as much liberality as in Protestant countries—perhaps in some instances with greater liberality. The truth is that, when this is the case, Catholicism is at a discount in these countries. It was revolutionary, or rather constitutional France, the France of 1789, that emancipated the Jews. Italy and Spain were liberal and tolerant when Papacy, in those countries, was under a cloud. Heaven help the Jews if Charles the Seventh should reign in Spain, and Henry the Fifth in France, unless wiser counsels than those of the Vatican prevail,

and unless for once the Bourbons *do* remember the past, and yield to the loud-sounding and persuasive voice of liberty of conscience. To us Jews it always seems singular that Christians should delight from time to time in ridiculing and reviling the race to which they owe their religion, their morality, their early teachers, their master and *their* God! The Catholics worship "the sacred heart"—the bodily heart of Jesus, forgetting that the corporeal heart throbbed in the body of a *Jew*. Let us quote to the *Tablet* His words—"Forgive them; they know not what they do!"

THE invaluable collections of books, prints, and manuscripts at Windsor Castle are, we learn from the *Times* of the 6th inst., to be protected from one of the most serious casualties to which such treasures are exposed by the Royal Library and Print-room being rendered fireproof. It is to be hoped also that the statements made in a recent letter to the *Times* concerning the insecurity of the National Gallery against fire will be promptly investigated and all necessary precautions taken. It is alarming even to contemplate such an accident as the destruction by fire of our fine National Collection, particularly as the precaution has not been taken, as at Munich, of marking those pictures which in case of such an event should be saved first. Some few of our national pictures might, it must be owned, with advantage be left to the flames.